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# NEW STATESMAN

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# The war of the invincible children
By JOHN PILGER

Ambassador College
SEP 19 1978

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## From Rhodesia to Zimbabwe

The metamorphosis of Rhodesia into Zimbabwe has been, and still is, an amazingly painful and protracted affair. It has been characterised by a series of false dawns – ranging from Harold Wilson's absurd 'weeks rather than months', through various fiascos named after Douglas-Home, Pearce and other forgotten figures, right up to Victoria Falls, Geneva, and the present time. Progress has been unnecessarily retarded by the intervention of Henry Kissinger, of J. B. Vorster and other international nuisances. But the primary source of obstruction and deceit has always been Ian Smith and his gang. So the British and American governments were to be praised rather than blamed for their scepticism about February's 'internal settlement'. Nothing that has happened since that date can be held to have contradicted them.

This month, indeed, we have seen Smith denounce his 'moderate' African colleagues for their failure to disarm the guerrillas – the very failure which could have been, and was, predicted from the start. The guerrillas who fight, in their different ways, under the collective name of the Patriotic Front, did not do so in order to achieve a compromise with white supremacy. This simple truth, which eludes the Conservative front bench, is the heart of the matter. Insofar as advances have been made towards majority rule – and it would be idle to deny that they have – they are the results of guerrilla war combined with international sanctions. The conclusion that the fighting should stop, and that sanctions should be lifted, simply because there is a bishop in the government, does not follow. Other recent developments – the dismissal of Byron Hove from the transitional government, and the resignation of the African directors of the Rhodesia Broadcasting Corporation – only underline how thinly based the 'internal settlement' really is.

A share of the responsibility in the delayed transfer of power must belong to the leaders of ZANU and ZAPU. They have been quarrelsome, divided, over-conciliatory and stubborn by turns. At one point, on their behalf, Julius Nyerere broke diplomatic relations with Britain rather than submit to independence before elections. Now, the Nkomo and Nugabe factions have lost interest in elections at all. Like Frelimo in Mozambique, they demand power as their right for having waged a long and costly struggle but, unlike Frelimo, they have not been militarily successful enough to make such a demand credible. They have also allowed themselves to become a field for inter-African rivalries, involving different 'front-line' states (as diverse as Malawi and Tanzania) to arbitrate more than most Zimbabwean Africans would like. And they run the risk of being drawn into big-power rivalry on the Angolan scale if things go on deteriorating.

This contrasts badly with the subtle and intelligent line followed by the leadership of SWAPO over Namibia. The past few days have seen a virtual consummation of their long struggle against South African rule: a consummation achieved by guerrilla warfare and political action in equal proportions. It would, of course, be wrong to underestimate the dangers ahead – especially from the intransigent element in the South African army. There will be a transitional administration in Namibia, which will involve compromise. But the basis of the administration will be genuine, and its purpose will be to bring about full independence. There will be elections, not held under the auspices of an illegal racist regime, but with luck, under proper control. And there will be a chance for African factions and currents to compete openly. If the leaders of the Patriotic Front acted quickly and cleverly enough, they could secure international support for a similar venture in Zimbabwe. The friends of independent Africa (from whom the Conservatives have so grossly defected in recent weeks) must hope that Joshua Nkomo stops sulking in his tent.

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# Notes on Politics and Power

## The feuding inside Israel's Cabinet

*Godfrey Hodgson writes*: If you want to understand the Israeli response to current Egyptian pressure for a peace settlement – say well-informed fellows who were in London for the Leeds Castle meeting – then you must understand two underlying and largely determining facts. The first is the extremely precarious health of Menachem Begin. The second is the bitter personal rivalry between Israel's foreign minister, Moshe Dayan, and the defence minister, Ezer Weizmann.

Mr Begin's health is now so bad, according to these sources, that it overshadows everything else. The prime minister is only 65, but he suffers from several different illnesses. 'There are days when he takes the pills,' said one knowledgeable Israeli with a graphic gesture, 'and then boom! boom! And there are other days when he just doesn't function.' Those who have met Begin recently say that he sometimes muddles genders and tenses in Hebrew, which is not his mother tongue.

If Begin were removed from the scene, there could be a government of national unity, conceivably headed by the leader of the opposition Labour Party, Shimon Peres. More likely, there would be a general election and Begin's Likud coalition might win it, in spite of earlier indications that it was losing popularity. Dayan and Weizmann see themselves as leading candidates to succeed Begin as head of state.

Personal factors also contribute to the Dayan-Weizmann rivalry. They are former brothers-in-law, since Dayan's former wife is the sister of Mrs Weizmann. At the moment, political considerations have produced a strange apparent reversal of the two men's roles. Weizmann, essentially an expansionist Zionist and a supporter of continued Israeli settlement in the disputed territories, is trying to present himself as more dovish than he is. In Israel, he is seen as having taken over Dayan's role as the Americans' favourite. Dayan, who is tough enough, has to out-Begin Begin.

In his heart of hearts, it is said, Dayan believes that Egyptian President Anwar Sadat is not really in command in his own house, so that he might not be able to deliver even if Israel reached an agreement with him. Weizmann, on the other hand, believes he can deal with Sadat, and that Israel should reach an agreement with Egypt so as to shut Egypt out of the Arab coalition against Israel.

The rivalry between Dayan and Weizmann is matched by almost equally bad relations between the chief opposition leaders, Shimon Peres and General Rabin. But fierce as the rivalries are, it would be wrong to conclude that they alone are preventing progress towards a settlement. Under the boiling disagreements that surfaced in Sunday's six-hour cabinet meeting, there is an underlying negative consensus. No one in Israel's government wants to give up sovereignty over the captured territories. No one is willing to give up Israeli control of their security. And no one wants to talk about sovereignty inside the next five years.

## The secret constitution: some amendments

*Bruce Page writes*: Whitehall opinion seems to have accepted that last week's NEW STATESMAN article, laying out the secret structure of the Cabinet Committee system, was basically accurate. Insiders, however, have suggested certain corrections/amendations which seem worth passing on.

Probably the most important error was one of emphasis: suggesting that CQM, the committee which handles Common Market questions, is in a fallow period. On the contrary, it is enormously busy, and handles a large quantity of material which never goes to Cabinet. This is particularly important because anti-EEC ministers like Tony Benn, Peter Shore and Albert Booth are regularly involved in CQM business. The chairman, David Owen, is pro-European: when something especially important comes up, he has to whip-in pro-European allies like Roy Hattersley and William Rodgers, who are members of CQM but whose ministerial business doesn't take them there with great regularity.

On another point: the Cabinet Office maintains that a note is circulated whenever a new committee is formed, so that there cannot be any question of Ministers not knowing which committees their colleagues are on.

This clashes with the evidence of several senior Ministers and advisers. The solution, perhaps, will be found to lie in the exact means of distributing the notes. There are few things Whitehall is better at than circulating information in such a form that nobody recognises it.

## Socialist unity

*Patrick Wintour writes*: To the Socialist Workers Party's evident embarrassment Jim Nichol, the editor of *Socialist Worker* and former National Secretary of the SWP, Paul Foot, a former editor of *Socialist Worker* and the party's leading 'personality', and Laurie Flynn, the paper's main reporter, last week resigned from *Socialist Worker*. They fought and lost a struggle with a section of the party, personified by Chris Harman, which felt that the paper had become 'depoliticised'. At the SWP's June conference Harman launched a bitter attack on the kind of paper which the three had been producing since they took over at the beginning of the year. Harman accused the trio of producing 'their own version of William Hickey about the private lives of the upper classes'. Harman said that news of the party had virtually disappeared except from the adverts. The party's name had been taken off the masthead. Industrial news, once 30 per cent of the paper, had dropped to 15 per cent; this could not be justified by the level of struggle, strikes had fallen only by a quarter in the period. Though 'the worst excesses had been corrected' there had been a failure to

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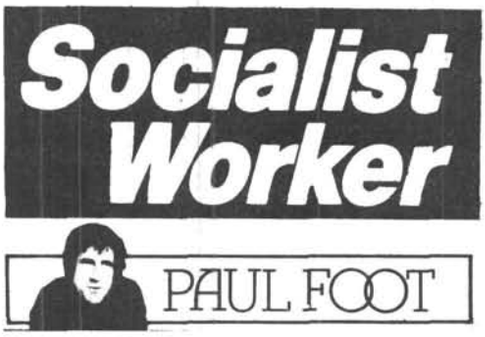


*How much longer?*

argue the need for a revolutionary party and that the SWP was that party. Harman seems to have been particularly piqued by the editors rejecting one of his own pieces as 'boring and predictable'. He continually returned to this phrase in his attack and criticised their values as those of middle class journalists.

Harman won the day and a resolution was passed with ease declaring that the paper had lost its orientation. The central committee then attempted a compromise and appointed Harman political editor. After three unworkable weeks the trio resigned. Besides being a major blow to the paper on its 10th anniversary, the resignations represent more than a difference about populist politics and language in politics: they signify that the party is entering its most doctrinal and sectarian phase yet. In their letter of resignation the three pointed out that they were trying to attract people to socialism without necessarily demanding a commitment to the SWP in return. After the encouraging non-sectarian vogue of the last year, including IMG's *Socialist Challenge*, this putsch implies that the SWP have not really hauled themselves out of their political ghetto.

## A nuclear axis

*Jeremy Bugler writes*: Chancellor Schmidt is prone to pass off his country's huge investment in nuclear power as a purely commercial matter by a nation unable to make inroads into American dominated fields like computers and civil aviation. Less bland an impression is put forward in a new book out on Thursday (*The Nuclear Axis*: 'Nuclear Collaboration between West Germany and South Africa'*) falls just short of proving what its blurb claims: 'West Germany and South Africa have secretly developed their own nuclear weapons capability', but authors Zdenek Cervenka and Barbara Rogers certainly set out how South Africa is on the edge of such a capability, gained with the aid of imported German technology. The diplomatic rumpus last year, when France, Russia and the United States became aware that South Africa was about to test a nuclear bomb, may already be said to have proved as much, but what *The Nuclear Axis* does is spell out how South Africa is effectively a nuclear power.

South Africa, a nation that bluntly refuses to sign the Non-Proliferation Treaty, became interested in a West German system of enriching uranium, known as jet-nozzle technology. Natural uranium has to be enriched for use in most types of reactors, and highly enriched for all types of bombs. West Germany was attracted by her interest because it expected to be rewarded by a steady supply of enriched uranium, reducing its dependence on the United

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States and the Soviet Union.

West Germany and South Africa worked out an elaborate way of 'laundering' the export of the jet-nozzle technology between their two nuclear corporations STEAG and UCOR. It was passed off as a 'comparative study' between German and South African technology. Meanwhile, the technology was passed over to a South African plant with the name Valindaba, a contraction of a Zulu expression which means 'We don't talks about this at all.'

The Nuclear Axis is documentary proof of a truth: that atoms for peace and atoms for war are two sides of the same coin. SA's nuclear plants are outside any international controls. The one question that *The Nuclear Axis* does not prove is that the South African nuclear arsenal 'having been built up with West German support, could be made available to the West German military.' But one can speculate.

Zaire and Egypt are known to have research reactors. How they and other African countries will behave now that they know of South Africa's bomb (although there is still a question mark over how it might be delivered) can be imagined. The stock nightmare of the civil nuclear industry in the West is 'What happens if Uganda gets the bomb?' Plainly the time for the nightmare is not receding. Meanwhile, Foreign Secretary David Owen still holds to his belief that Britain, by sending plutonium to non-nuclear weapons states, as will happen under the Windscale reprocessing plan, is acting to *control* proliferation. Whatever Dr Owen is a doctor of, it's not logic.

## Black legal aid

*Mike Philips writes:* At a recent meeting in Manchester Guyanese lawyer and chairman of the Association of Black Lawyers, Rudy Narayan, announced the formation of a link-up between black legal and advice centres in 14 cities with large immigrant populations. The announcement is part of a campaign which has been going on for a number of years.

The founding and practice of the Community Law Centres left the immigrant lawyers largely unsatisfied; many black clients still complained about the racial attitudes of their solicitors and barristers, while the Law Centres continued not to use black lawyers in any numbers. As a result, during the last five years a number of black self-help centres primarily concerned with legal matters have sprung up in all the major cities. Last year the Association of Black Lawyers founded a travelling circus of lawyers, who visit each advice centre a number of times each week and deal with the cases which have accumulated. The links between the centres grew naturally as they felt the need to exchange personnel and information. The lawyers' present task is putting together evidence about the treatment of black people under the 'sus' laws, for the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure, which is due to begin gathering evidence shortly. Starting in August they'll be visiting each of the 14 cities and taking evidence themselves, on police and court procedure, from their clients. The Association hopes that enough solid evidence will emerge on black allegations of police harassment and brutality, and on judicial prejudice, to force an enquiry into police/immigrant relations.

## Defending Czech socialists

*Christopher Hitchens writes:* Lord Home was one of the architects of the 1938 Munich betrayal. One might expect a becoming modesty from him about Czechoslovak affairs. But no; a few days ago he opened an exhibition commemorating the 1968 invasion. This was the opening shot in what is planned as a sustained right-wing propaganda campaign over the anniversary of the Russian aggression. With the help of the National Association for Freedom, and a number of conservative exiles from Warsaw Pact countries, there will be such diverse events as a service at Farm Street Jesuit Church, and the unveiling of a Palach memorial in Ladbroke Square. On Sunday 20 August the Young Conservatives are sponsoring a rally which will be adorned by Rhodes Boyson and Peter Walker. Vladimir Bukovsky has also indicated his intention to attend, which will raise the tone considerably.

Even so, there are a number of Czechs and socialists who consider this an insufficient commemoration. The Committee to Defend Czechoslovak Socialists will be holding a rally on the same day, and is busily gathering trade union and Labour support. Those who do not want the Czechoslovak cause to be monopolised by right-wing buffoons should be at Speaker's Corner at 2 p.m. on that date.

# Basque's bid for a civil war

As the rest of Spain moves steadily away from its past, young Basques, seeing Spanish policemen act like thugs, have found a new rallying cry: ETA, ETA, *Mas Metralletas*. But the separatist guerrillas of ETA do not need more guns. If anyone is undefeated in the 10-year-old war in the Basque country, it is ETA. The government of premier Adolfo Suarez, so adroit in handling political problems has fallen down handling police problems – swept under the carpet for the past two years and now shooting out from the edges. The Basques, torn between old fear of the law and new fear of the outlaw, are paralysed in history, rooting stubbornly for the marxist guerillas who fought dictatorship and now are fighting democracy.

ETA thrives. Having succeeded in provoking the police to angry violence – a task, admittedly, of limited difficulty – the guerrillas, claiming their first military murders, are now attempting to provoke the armed forces to a replay of 1936, when a military uprising led to 40 years of dictatorship and Basque rebellion. No price is too high in their fight to give the Basques, who for the most part don't want it, independence.

Almost three years after Franco's death ETA bears little resemblance to the militant band that picked off the worst of Franco's police and blew his heir apparent, Luis Carrero Blanco, half way to heaven. In the first half of the year, as a reformer promised to give Francoist jails 'roofs of glass' and children came out to kiss in the streets, ETA killed 20 people in the name of freedom. The dead included not only 16 policemen – four for every ETA victim – but two ordinary working men and a journalist, a supporter of many of ETA's early aims.

The lethal nonsense of ETA (dominated by fanatics since its moderate leader Pertur disappeared more than a year ago during a peace parley with radical dissidents) surfaced naked in a communique explaining its new war on the press. We may not sue you as others may, the mad, mad logic went, as we are outside the law. So we are bound to answer your criticism with killing. Franco's police, not trained to turn the cheek, ran to the bait. In Navarre and Guipuzcoa, they answered shouts with shots, leaving two youths dead. Dozens of officers had their weapons confiscated and others sent to destroy Basque barricades decided to destroy property and loot instead, in solidarity with the boys who lost their deadly pop-guns.

As interior Minister Rodolfo Martin Villa took the stage, helplessly intoning 'the policeman's lot is not a happy one,' the civil governor of Navarre, who not only called the police killings 'unfortunate' but saw fit to observe that 'perhaps this action at another time and in other circumstances would not have been unfortunate,' was removed from the bill. The next to go, if Suarez wants a long run, (and he does), may well be Martin Villa. The stocky, bespectacled Minister, unfortunately photographed getting his face powdered just before a much-criticised cosmetic job on national television, is looking more and more like a loser – not helped by the fact that his police, much like Italy's, just cannot catch terrorists. His 'clarification' of the Basque troubles, presented to Parliament almost two full weeks after the first incidents in Pamplona, has seriously damaged the government's reformist reputation. Burying a golden opportunity to call the police to heel, the report leaves the latest Basque deaths unavenged, imposes without explanation the assertion that police in Pamplona 'misunderstood' their orders and insists that while terrorists commit 'crimes', police only make 'mistakes'.

Fearing to raise more Basque anger by compromising on the special privileges the Basques want written into Spain's new constitution, the Basque National Party was absent as the constitution got its first historic approval in Parliament. Although a negative Basque vote in the final referendum on the Constitution no longer seems unlikely, increasing the chances of violence, the Basques must sooner or later learn the art of the possible and settle for something less than the totality of their historic 'Fueros' – abolished in 1876 after the Carlist wars – and including a Basque police and exemption from Spanish military service. Twelve other regions from Galicia to the Canary Islands are also negotiating local privileges and do not see why the Basques are special.

What the Basques can expect now is more local power sooner and, in the not too distant future, a local constabulary along the lines of the historic *Mekeletes*. They already have back their language, flag and fledgling local government. What they cannot expect, and what ETA will keep killing for until stopped, is independence from Spain. Independence is a pipe dream, as the Civil Governor of Zamora, a non-Basque province supplying 70 per cent of Basque power, said to his counterpart in Guipuzcoa: 'Call me next time it gets out of hand and I'll switch off the lights.'

**Julie Flint**

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# Anna Coote: Them, the arts and us

Lord Annan's voice boomed splendidly around the pillars of St John's, Smith Square: 'We should reward the artist, but not too lavishly. Some, like Henry Moore, can stand it, but he is a Yorkshireman, (laughter). Young American artists are corrupted because they are flooded with opportunities to make their fortunes . . . Money can be the enemy of the arts. So can the unions who fight for higher wages for artists . . .'

It was the keynote speech of *Arts, the Way Forward*, staged last week by the Conservative Party and directed by Norman St John-Stevas – who pointed out with pride that this was the first conference on the arts ever to be organised by a British political party. He would, of course, join Lord Annan and Roy Shaw, Secretary General of the Arts Council, in maintaining that 'politics' should be kept right out of 'art'.

The arts debate is warming up – or *an* arts debate anyway. The focus is on money and organisation: how should funds be found, and how dispensed? The Labour Party put its cards on the table last year, in the wake of the TUC which published a consultative document in 1976. Both want a specially designated Ministry, of Cabinet rank. The Labour Party call for a 'National Conference for the Arts and Entertainment . . . comprising elected representatives from local authorities, Regional Arts Associations, arts and entertainment trade unions, subsidised arts management and other relevant bodies'. This Conference should elect two-thirds of all the Arts Council's specialist panels, which decide who gets the money. The remaining third should be elected by a new Minister for the Arts, who would also be responsible for Entertainment and Communications. The government should increase arts subsidies (by unspecified means) and local authorities should be encouraged to introduce a minimum rate of 0.5p to finance arts and entertainment.

It was clear from last week's conference that the Tories are content with the Arts Council in its present form and with its success in 'reconciling the potential clash between state support and artistic freedom'. They're none too keen on a separate Ministry, although they might not be averse to a Minister of the Arts in the Department of Education and Science. Lord Annan (who does not speak for the party) challenged the Smith Square congregation to 'conceive of anything politically more dangerous or more threatening to the freedom of the arts' than a Ministry of Communications. The Conservatives would prefer local lotteries to any more on the rates and favour the promotion of private support with 'carrots in the tax system' to nudge industry and commerce into patronage.

The Conservative right-wing Selsdon Group wants state subsidy to be replaced altogether by 'mass patronage' which it hopes will follow naturally from huge tax cuts shortly to be introduced by Mrs Thatcher's government.

Politicians have ignored the arts for years; why have they now decided they are a matter for concern? Economic pressures on the arts are building up at an alarming rate – not only because of inflation, but also because of the compounding cost of keeping wages in that sector within a reasonable distance of industrial rates. These pressures are beginning to produce some awkward scandals. The National Theatre, impoverished aristocrat living grandly beyond its means, cannot afford to complete all its fine new stages *and* pay actors, playwrights and technicians a decent wage. Our 'national heritage' springs a new leak daily and treasures seep out virtually unchecked. Painters and sculptors are losing their livelihood as part-time teaching jobs are lopped away from further and higher education. And for all Sir Harold's efforts, the British film industry lies near to death while its only potential saviours, the television companies, pass by on the other side.

> 'The higher sphere into which the arts have been assumed is not the egalitarian paradise we associate with life *up there*.'

More money all round would help. But it will probably not be forthcoming. Both parties recognise that to *cut* the arts budget would be even more embarrassing than cutting education: they cannot easily argue that a falling birthrate justifies less art; and neither wants to be accused of debasing the 'quality of life'. On the other hand it would be equally difficult for purely economic reasons, to increase the arts budget much beyond its current value. So the Tories talk of finding 'other sources' to top up the public subsidy (presumably at the expense of other public services which will be sacrificed to pay for those 'carrots in the tax system'). And Labour talks of local levies and the need to restructure the Arts Council, in order to slice up the cake in a slightly different way.

In times like these, when political credit is so hard to come by, defence of the arts is a handy way of being seen to line up with the angels. All parties can do it with impunity. But this is only possible because arguments about the arts take place in a unique vacuum; they rest on traditions that are seldom examined and assumptions that are rarely challenged. Phrases like 'the public good' and the 'quality of life' pepper the debate like prayers to an undefined deity. The arts, we know, are good for us, like roughage, fresh air and moral principles. They are valuable: tourists want to see them, foreigners want to buy them. Public guardians have therefore been appointed to protect and dispense them. Indeed, they are so valuable and so good for us that they must be raised above the grubby, jostling market place of politics and everyday life. The Arts Council, which somehow occupies a position *up there* with the arts, has the job of keeping them at a safe distance not only from thieves, vandals and philistines, but also (and explicitly) from our elected representatives in Parliament.

The higher sphere into which the arts have been assumed is not the egalitarian paradise we tend to associate with life *up there*. The arts are divided into strict categories: 'high art', 'experimental art', 'community art', 'popular art', 'educational art', 'regional art' and so forth. Each term implies a value and usually determines what share of the public purse the sector will enjoy. The Arts Council is regularly accused of elitism, on the ground that it spends more on opera, ballet, classical music and prestigious exhibitions than on other manifestations of the nation's creativity. It defends itself vigorously: 'Ten years ago we spent nothing on photography. We now spend £180,000 a year on it', said Roy Shaw at a recent conference on funding called *Make it Happen*, produced by the Institute of Contemporary Arts. 'Ten years ago we spent nothing on community arts. We now spend £750,000 on them. Then we spent £3,000 on arts centres. Now we spend more than half a million . . . The most dramatic expansion, indeed explosion, has been in popular or fringe theatre. Ten years ago we spent £20,000 on it. Now we spend over £1 million.'

Whatever the Arts Council does, it is bound to get knocked from one side or another. The majority would probably accept that it does a difficult job as well as can be expected. This view depends, however, on maintaining a vision of the Arts Council as an independent defender of objective standards of excellence and neutral concepts of 'artistic freedom'.

The people whose ideas dictate the tastes of the Arts Council and the art world in general are those whom Antonio Gramsci called the 'traditional intellectuals' – a group which included academics, ecclesiastics and some artists who experienced 'through an *esprit de corps* their uninterrupted historical continuity and their special qualifications' and thus 'put themselves forward as autonomous and independent of the dominant social group'. They believe that their own values and expertise transcend those of any class.

When the main source of support for the arts shifted from private to public patronage it was these traditional intellectuals who stepped in. Their values became public values. Nicholas Pearson, a research Fellow who is working on the Gulbenkian Inquiry into the Visual Arts contrasts the private patron who can justify buying one painting and rejecting another merely by

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saying 'I like this one best', with the Arts Council which has to 'invoke concepts of public-artistic-standards, or public suitability or whatever – concepts which are *abstract* and *external to the relationship between patron and artist*'.

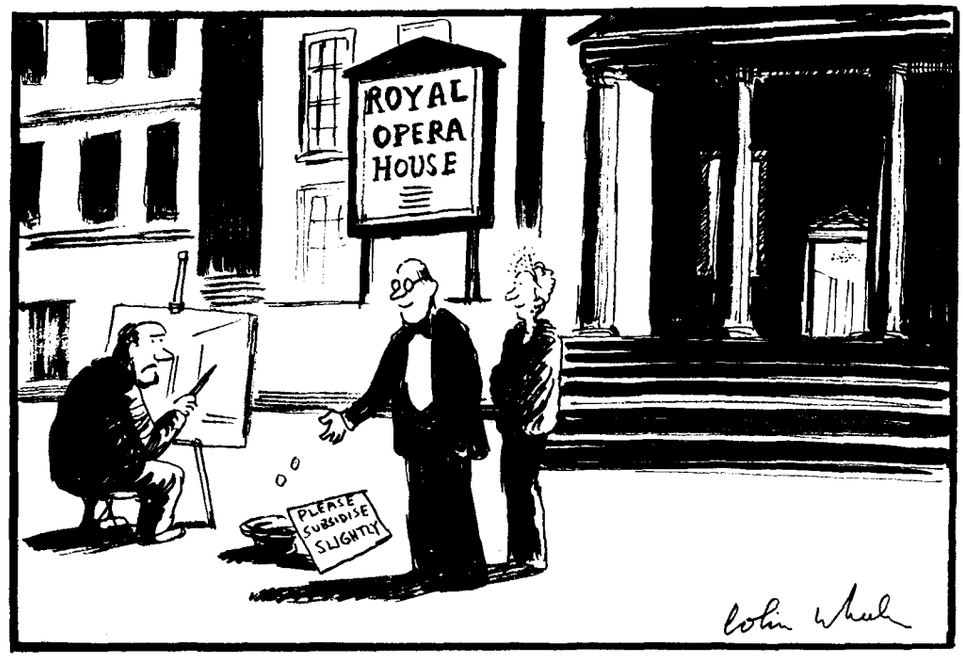
What exactly are the values of the 'traditional intellectuals'? *Can* they be objective? In the Arts Council's latest report *Value for Money*, Roy Shaw sets out a 'basic principle' of community arts work: 'At the end of the process many, though doubtless not all, of the people involved in participating in community arts should be capable of proceeding to enjoy a greater share of the common cultural heritage'. Community arts, then, is a means of educating the people so that they may eventually move on to appreciate different forms of art which have already been judged by others (who are presumably better qualified) to be of higher value. The alternative to this view need not be some mindless populism with Pam Ayres as guru. A shift of emphasis might be welcome which recognised community arts as an end in itself, to be judged on its own merits, and to be supported because it is an expression of the community, not merely because it may lead to greater things.

The Arts Council has allowed itself to be swayed by protagonists of art forms which have not been distinguished as 'high'. But it hasn't swayed far. The Open Space theatre has a considerable reputation overseas as a radical, innovative company. It is suffering the worst financial crisis of its 11-year existence. Its grant from the Greater London Council has been withdrawn and its Arts Council subsidy has been increased only marginally. Its objective is – and always has been – to maintain a permanent team of actors on a long-term contract and to devote itself to a small number of thoroughly researched experimental projects. It cannot do that without a certain size of subsidy. If it is forced to 'get by' on less, it must work in a different way: the artists' freedom is curtailed.

Charles Marowitz, director of the Open Space, published a bitter tirade in the *Guardian* recently, accusing his public benefactors of paying 'hush money' to fringe groups such as his: 'In their heart of hearts they resent any kind of theatre other than the comfy bourgeois edifices where they believe art ought to be enshrined'.

If Lord Annan had his way, Marowitz would not get a penny from the Arts Council. 'We should be extremely sceptical about movements such as fringe theatre and some aspects of community arts' he told his audience at *Arts, the Way Forward*. 'Fringe groups which are used to put over political propaganda should not receive a public subsidy'. They were, he said 'a worthless form of art'. Luckily Lord Annan does not run the Arts Council; he nevertheless represents a substantial body of opinion among the traditional intellectuals.

The desire to protect art from politics stems from the notion that a key function of the arts is to heal political differences. As Patrick Gibson put it when he was chairman of the Arts Council in 1974, 'the fundamental justification for what we are all trying to do through state patronage' is




that the arts 'provide bridges between people of different backgrounds' in order to maintain a 'coherent society with common aims and shared values'. (Whose aims? Which values?) Lord Goodman spoke during his chairmanship of young people lacking 'values', 'certainties' and 'guidance' and therefore needing to be 'captured for the arts' and 'redeemed from the many dangers that confront them'. (Including presumably, the danger of deviating from values and certainties held by Lord Goodman.) Both chairmen would believe their objectives were 'apolitical'.

For all their claims to political autonomy, our public patrons are a deeply conservative bunch. How can they be otherwise if their chief desire is to shore up values which they themselves have already approved, and to preserve their own position as arbiters of taste and dictators of policy?

Their reluctance to venture outside established territory was demonstrated at the ICA conference *Make it Happen* when the flautist Atara Ben Tovim recalled her own experience. As a member of the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, she had enjoyed for many years a prestigious, secure and reasonably well-paid job, thanks to public subsidy. When she decided to try making music more accessible to children by developing a new form of entertainment in which they participated, she went the normal round of grant applications – and got nothing at all.

It isn't easy for any grant-giving body to decide which ventures to back; but if our public patrons considered it a priority to make the arts genuinely accessible, they might be more eager to stick their necks out for projects like Atara's. Nicholas Pearson claims that the pattern of public patronage tends to isolate artists from the public, rather than put them in touch with each other: 'It seems to be becoming an incestuous system in which artists come from art school and relate to arts administrators and sell to public galleries on the recommendation of the visual arts officer, (where they are shown largely to fellow artists and others already involved in the art world) while all the time working in a studio subsidised by the Regional Arts Association. This is not freedom except in one crucial sense; that the artist is free of people – free of the public – free of having a non-state institution buy his work – free of having a non-art-world person see his work.'

One way to reverse this trend would be to spend public money, as a matter of priority, on helping as many artists as possible to *sell* their work to a wide public – by encouraging small commercial galleries in every town, by subsidising the printing of sales brochures, by setting up hire purchase schemes and by advertising local art sales. Would all that be too vulgar to contemplate?

The view held by Lord Annan and others that artists should be given just a little bit of money, like children who oughtn't to be spoiled, seems to stem not only from a sentimental notion about creativity thriving in garrets, but from a wish to keep artists firmly tied to the purse strings of public patronage, lest they be 'corrupted' into doing things their benefactors would find distasteful.

The Arts Council's official duty is to 'increase access to the arts throughout Great Britain'. Instead, the signs are that they are becoming increasingly rarified. Would it alter the mix of ideas at all if the Labour Party's policy were implemented and two-thirds of the Arts Council panels were elected? Or would it merely add a few local worthies who already aspired to membership of an intellectual elite? How could one possibly draw the line between those who should send delegates to a National Conference for the Arts and Entertainment, and those who should not – if the arts really are for the people?

The Tory plan for more private finance might remove some of the humbug about abstract standards of patronage, but would hardly be much help to artists whose work offended the rich and powerful. Public patronage is not such a bad idea. If it were brought back down into the market place we might see more clearly that it is dealing not with unassailable truths but with points of view which can and should be subject to political debate.

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# Paul Bryers and Sharon Goulds: Bolivia's Junta welcomes racists

General Perera Asbun has mounted a coup in Bolivia after being convicted of electoral fraud. In the immediate sense, this is a direct challenge to President Carter's policy of encouraging a phased return to democracy in Latin America. But there is another more sinister consequence of the rightist seizure of power. The junta elements who have seized power are the same group who have evolved a secret plan for the resettlement of white Rhodesian and Namibian immigrants in a remote area of the Bolivian lowlands.

The scheme was dragged into the open by one of the left-wing groups, the Ministas, who produced documentary evidence that the transfer of 30,000 families from Rhodesia and Namibia had been discussed by representatives of Bolivia's ruling military junta and agents for certain Western countries anxious to avoid the return of the native.

However, it may be more difficult than the military imagine to control rising popular indignation at the idea of providing sanctuary for the embattled whites of southern Africa.

The idea was originally floated during a conference of Latin American countries in Costa Rica, ostensibly to study ways of importing technology through migration. Bolivian delegates appear to have greeted it enthusiastically and the plan has since been nurtured in the rarefied atmosphere of La Paz, at 12,000 feet the highest capital in the world and headquarters of the military junta which has ruled Bolivia since 1971.

To Bolivia's Europhile ruling class the resettlement scheme has obvious attractions. An influx of white southern Africans will bring much-needed technological and agricultural skills to help develop the vast lowland wilderness between the Andes and the Brazilian border. It will bring foreign capital from the Western governments apparently willing to finance such a scheme. And, more importantly, the arrival of some 150,000 whites will act as a political balance to the Left and 'raise the stock' of Bolivia's mixed-race society.

Eighty-five per cent of Bolivians are ethnic Indians or mestizos, mostly scratching a bare living on the windswept tableland above La Paz, despised by the 15 per cent who think of themselves as white and European and who dominate the country's politics, economy and army.

This ruling clique has already begun to prepare for reinforcements from across the South Atlantic. New immigration laws have been passed to make it easier for the country to receive the southern Africans and an area of 800,000 hectares – about two million acres – of potentially rich agricultural land has been earmarked for their use.

Special Bolivian consular offices have been set up at six centres in Rhodesia and South Africa to recruit prospective settlers and the first fifty families were due to fly out last April, but then the political situation in Bolivia changed dramatically. The arrival of the first immigrants was indefinitely postponed and the scheme went into cold storage, at least until after the 'election'.

Politics in Bolivia have always been as contorted as the country's twisted geography. The country is the very heartland of South America, the size of France, Spain and Portugal combined but with a population of only six million. Seventy per cent of the people are clustered in conditions of extreme poverty on the rugged Altiplano, 13,000 feet above sea level, permanently buffeted by icy winds which sweep off the surrounding Andean peaks.

From this barren plateau the country tilts erratically to the Amazon basin and the rich tropical vastness of the Oriente which contains the lowland provinces of the Beni and Santa Cruz. This is where the immigrants are supposedly to find their promised land, among virgin forest, swamp, and rolling savannah, flooded during the rainy season for want of proper irrigation.

In this remote frontier land, about the size of Spain, live just half-a-million people – ranchers, oilmen, adventurers, cocaine distillers and primitive Indian tribes. It is a land of plenty, ripe for development and rich in mineral resources, but cut off from the Altiplano where most of the people live by rugged mountains, flood plains and appalling mud-track roads that are swept away completely for six months of the year.

The Indians are unbelievably poor – the country's per capita income of two hundred pounds a year is the lowest in South America – and their own leaders, even the government on occasion, have urged resettlement on the unexploited millions of acres in the Beni and Santa Cruz. Now they see themselves cheated of this lowland heritage and threatened with the restoration of a feudal system with a new generation of white landowners and Indian serfs.

The military need the Indians' support for their presidential candidate and in the months leading up to the election the government has appeared to backpedal on the immigration scheme. The Co-ordinator of the National Council for Immigration, Rene Fernandez, says that the agreement to give land to immigrants, provided an agreement is reached, will not hurt the Indians (or campesinos' as they are called): 'Whenever they ask for land they are given it.'

But the campesino confederation remains suspicious of government assurances. Its political officer, Macabeo Chila, recently returned from six years exile, says, 'Other settlers have had to be content with farming barely ten hectares of uncultivated land in unhealthy areas with no government or international aid, but the government has dared to offer these immigrants from South Africa and Rhodesia the best land in the Beni and Santa Cruz, land which was originally promised to Bolivian campesinos from other areas.

'The Bolivian government decided to give preferential treatment to racist immigrants from Rhodesia and South Africa over and above its own people.'

The Ministas, in the forefront of opposition to the scheme, have smuggled out a document from the Bolivian migration office which gives details of how it is to be carried out, hinting at West German financial support and the possibility of tapping a fund of 2,000 million dollars set up by the United States, Britain and France for the resettlement of Rhodesians and Namibians if independence results in a white exodus.

The document also refers to the role allegedly played by the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration, an international agency for transporting migrant workers, with headquarters in Geneva. According to the document, ICEM, who were involved in the transfer of European refugees from Angola to Portugal, have been consulted to act as agents for a similar transfer of Europeans from Rhodesia and Namibia to Bolivia.

Bolivian government spokesman, Senor Fernandez, is more specific. 'At the Costa Rica conference,' he stated, 'the Bolivian government expressed to ICEM its interest in settlers from Rhodesia and this interest was officially confirmed in later discussions. In common with other South American countries, we have been in touch with ICEM to work out a plan for resettling immigrants.'

Bolivia is the first of the South American juntas to permit elections, a recourse forced upon them by the country's own internal crises and external pressure from the Carter Administration to 'democratise'. Such pressure has been derided in Left-wing circles as a propaganda exercise to secure militarism with a human face, but however much control is retained by the military after the election, the campaign has released political pressures that have not been felt in Bolivia since the '71 coup. And it may be more difficult than the government imagine to put the lid back on when their candidate is respectably installed in the 'presidential' palace at La Paz.

A national hunger strike early this year forced Banzer to declare a political amnesty and allow the exiled opposition leaders to return to the country. In the last few months they have had some chance to prepare for the real fight that will come after the election, and the immigration scheme could be a genuine rallying point.

They have been quick to point out that the scheme demonstrates the servility of the régime to Western interests. Whereas Britain, West Germany and Holland are reluctant to take in the settlers because of the disruptive social and economic effect, Bolivia can be used as a convenient dumping ground.

'They are trying to transfer the problem of apartheid into the heartland of South America,' say the Ministas, 'but this racist plan will become a battle-standard for our people.' Rhetoric it may be, but after the example of Palestine can the West afford to take a chance?

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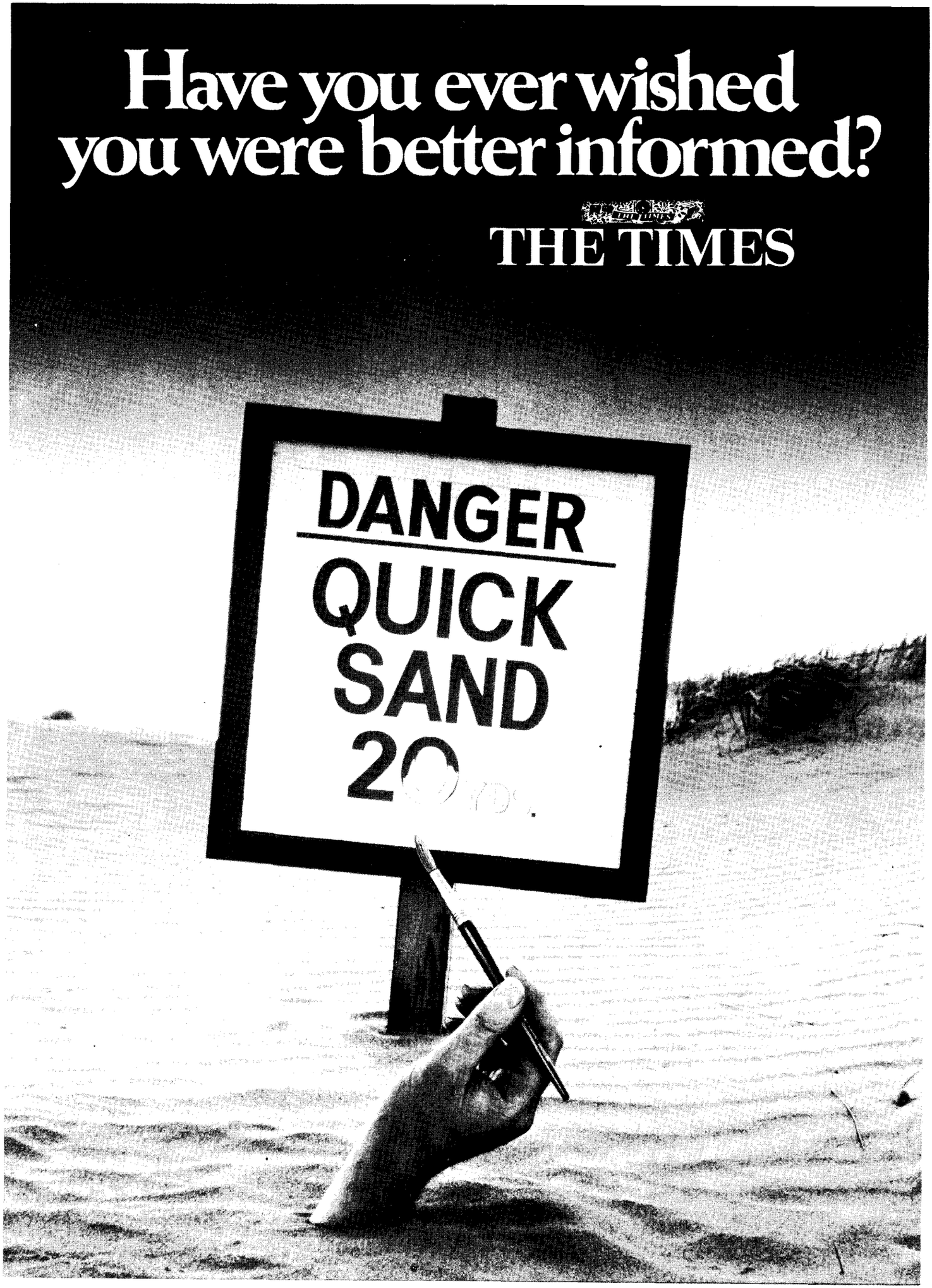
THE TIMES

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# Bruce Page and Duncan Campbell: The field-marshal's bodyguard

Last November, Field-Marshal Lord Carver went to Africa, to conduct for the British Government delicate negotiations concerning the Rhodesian war. As he had to travel between black nationalist territory and white supremacist territory, there is nothing remarkable in the fact that the Foreign Office provided him with a bodyguard.

What is remarkable is that the bodyguard was hired from a group of businessmen who have long-standing connections in the trade of recruiting right-wing mercenary armies – and whose principal figure, Colonel 'Jim' Johnson, once succeeded in penetrating several British official organisations, and using them to help run a subversive military operation which was in flat opposition to the stated British foreign policy of the time. Private reports from Whitehall last week were that the Foreign Secretary, Dr David Owen, has told his officials to make a full inquiry into the extent of the Foreign Office's reliance on private firms of 'security advisers'.

The full implications of the story of the Field-Marshal and the bodyguard take a good deal of unravelling, for they extend back several years into the history of Britain's most glamorous – if misunderstood – military unit, the Special Air Service (SAS). Some immediate facts, however, can be spelt out fairly rapidly.

Last week, the magazine *Time Out* carried a long article, by one of the present writers, about a mysterious company, operating from 11 Courtfield Mews, Kensington, and known as Keeny-Meeny Services, or KMS. The article showed that KMS was largely staffed by ex-SAS officers – principally, Brigadier Mike Wingate Gray and Colonel Jim Johnson, both one-time commanding officers, together with Major David Walker and Major Andrew N. Nightingale. The article also showed that KMS and various associated firms were engaged in military, or para-military operations in the Middle East. It was not possible, however, to be more specific about the company's purposes – or even about its organisation, since it is registered in Jersey with nominee shareholders provided by the merchant bankers Morgan Grenfell.

Since last week, it has been possible to work out something more about the operations of KMS by checking-over copies of documents which we have seen. These include a chit from the Finance Department of the Foreign Office, addressed to 'A. Nightingale Esq' at 'Courtfield Mews SW5' nd recording that:

> The account of further subs refunded for your journey to Africa with Lord Carver in Oct/Nov 1977 has been accepted as rendered. The sum of £5.51 is being credited to you . . .

Presumably, this represented the last squaring-up of some travelling expenses. Another document records that the Pall Mall branch of Lloyds Bank received on 26 April 1978 a credit of £61.21 to A. N. Nightingale for 'diplomatic and consular services'.

*Colonel Jim Johnson*

*Brigadier Mike Wingate Gray*

*Field-Marshall Lord Carver*

Lord Carver confirmed on Tuesday that he had indeed been accompanied to Africa by a bodyguard named Nightingale who came 'from a security firm', and the Foreign Office confirmed that they have made use of Keeny-Meeny Services (the name derives from kitchen-Arabic for 'under the counter') fairly regularly during the past three years.

It's important, at this stage, to stress that the Foreign Office's purpose has been nothing more than the eminently proper one of protecting any of its employees who get involved in dangerous assignments. But given that this is a proper purpose, which has lately been carried out with a good deal of success, there are still two questions which remain: should the work be done by private firms, and if so, what sort of firms ought they to be? Even if the answer to the first question is yes, it is difficult to believe that KMS could pass muster as a suitable provider of 'diplomatic and consular services'.

Despite the difficulties of Jersey registration, it is possible to deduce that KMS is an undercover offshoot of Thomas Nelson (Insurance) Ltd, a company in which Colonel Johnson plays an active part. Johnson is a man of considerable wealth, and is a member of Lloyd's: his military experience, however, seems to have had as much to do with marketing as with practical soldiering. He became CO of 21st SAS in 1960 as a territorial officer – perhaps the last moment when such a command could have fallen to a non-regular.

The SAS name was founded during the Second World War by the adventurous Scottish laird David Stirling: it was a behind-the-lines raiding force of uncertain military value. In recent years, the Army has made large human and financial investments in SAS, turning it into a reservoir of military and semi-military skills which have at times been highly controversial, but which have been vitally useful at times to our own and other governments. (The SAS has been heavily involved in Ulster, where the use of 'hood torture', basically an SAS technique, made a distinctly inglorious episode. More recently, and happily, the SAS provided critical help for the Germans at Mogadishu.) It might be doubted whether the highly-trained young professionals of the modern SAS would have anything in common with the colourful amateurs from the past: but the fact is that Stirling, Johnson, Wingate Gray and others of their generation have been remarkably successful in retaining something akin to a commercial franchise on SAS and its complex skills.

One of their first, and most successful marketing operations made a considerable impact on Middle Eastern politics between 1963 and 1967. During those years, there was a civil war in what is now called North Yemen: between republicans, backed by Egypt, and Royalists, backed by Saudi Arabia. Britain's position, under both Tory and Labour governments, was to remain strictly neutral.

Johnson and Stirling, with finance and support from the Saudis and the Israelis, arranged for a considerable force of British ex-SAS men – mostly, only just 'ex' – to go out and fight for the Royalists. They had some success in terms of Israeli foreign policy, in that their activities are said to have kept a good many Egyptian tanks out of the 1967 war. British interests, however, scarcely prospered, for the Republicans won a fairly predictable victory.

But what was really striking about the Johnson/Stirling operation was the degree of official connivance and co-operation it managed to acquire. For a considerable time Government House, Aden was used as a 'safe house', courtesy of the Governor's ADC. At one critical period, personnel of the Secret Intelligence Service (M16) were co-opted to help out with radio monitoring problems.

At least one ex-SIS man recalls that the Yemen operation was the focus of a fierce dispute within the service: many senior officials wanted the Government to call a halt to it, but they apparently lost their battle. 'In those days', said our informant,' there were just too many people in SIS who were a law unto themselves'. Since then Johnson and Stirling, usually separately, have been involved in various military and para-military ventures (they are, incident-

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ally, amenable to government disapproval if expressed firmly enough, for it was that which aborted David Stirling's plan to depose Colonel Ghadaffy); none, it would seem, on quite the old Yemeni scale.

According to Foreign Office sources, it was the increase of violence against diplomats that enabled Johnson's latest venture, Keeny-Meeny Services, to acquire a foothold in the official world once more. In 1975, the Foreign Office found that it needed more security personnel than could be provided from official sources, and received an approach from the firm which it now knows as KMS. Last week, nobody could say how the introduction was first made, or whether Colonel Johnson appeared in the business himself. But it was stated that quite recently there had been eight KMS people working for the Foreign Office in the Middle East, South-East Asia and elsewhere. There are now said to be four.

Officials were anxious to stress that the KMS work was being 'tapered off', and to say that the bodyguarding and general security work had not been in any way connected with more sensitive operations, such as secret intelligence. However, they were not able – admittedly at short notice – to say just what checks had been made on KMS's other interests, beyond the vague knowledge that the company does work for a number of foreign governments. Granted the formidable ability of Colonel Johnson and his associates to make ample use of any official facilities they can get access to, it seems a rather nonchalant attitude.

To take one case in point: Major Andrew Nightingale, the man KMS provided to guard Lord Carver, has been claimed as an associate by the notorious Angolan mercenary John Banks, who alleges that he worked in 'close harmony' with Nightingale during 1976, when Nightingale worked at SAS Group Intelligence in Duke of York's Barracks. Like much of what Banks says, the claim is probably exaggerated, but he does seem to have been genuinely acquainted with Nightingale: not an acquaintance which would be likely to sit easily with any of the black nationalist leaders Lord Carver found himself talking to.

Lord Carver thought that his bodyguard had been a private citizen 'for some time' but on Wednesday a Ministry of Defence official said that Nightingale left the army on 1 November, the day after the Carver expedition left for Africa. KMS waste no time in selling the services of the Government's own soldiers back to it.

## Christopher Hird: Tough targets for the Post Office and Coal

The National Coal Board are aiming to make a profit of £80 million in the twelve months to March 1979 – four times as much as the profit they made in 1977/78, which they announced this week. They will meet this target if they can get a productivity increase of 3 per cent, helping to increase production by 3 or 4 million tons over last year's 119 million tons.

The NCB say that in the first three months of 1978 – when the incentive scheme to get miners to produce more coal was introduced – productivity rose by about 1½ per cent. This had little impact on the NCB's profits and last year the NCB actually lost over £13 million on its underground mining. A sharp increase in the profits from open-cast mining and from selling assets left a £20m. profit after interest charges.

In a full year the NCB expect the incentive scheme to be very profitable. In 1978/79 they hope to invest between £400 million and £450 million – the largest share going to the new field at Selby. Half of this will be borrowed and the rest the NCB hope to find themselves. This suggests pre-tax profits of somewhere around £80 million.

Trying to finance half of their investment programme internally is an exacting target, which the NCB have missed in the last two years, and could mean trouble for miners in South Wales. Last year these coal fields lost £27 million.

The Post Office – who announced that they are making a profit of £1 million a day – have also set themselves some exacting targets. Most of their profit is coming from telecommunications, where business rises as the labour force falls. For the current year they have promised that prices in telecommunications will rise by 5 per cent less than the rate of inflation. But they are also committed to making a profit before interest charges of 6 per cent on their assets and are required to generate enough cash to pay for all their investment and repay the £35 million to the government. The Post Office hope to reconcile these potentially conflicting aims. They will be greatly helped by an accounting change which makes it easier for them to cope with a £2,000 million pension fund deficit.

This deficit is largely the result of a decision of amazing financial naiveté by the Treasury in 1969. Since 1972 the Post Office's customers have been paying for this in higher prices so that the deficit will be wiped out over 20 years. Until this April the deficiency contributions have been paid out of pre-interest profits. But since then a new scheme has been in operation.

The Post Office has reserves – accumulated profits – of £2,800 million, and has allocated £1,250 million to the pension fund. In future part of the deficiency payment to the fund will be considered as an interest payment on this sum. The Post Office will be handing over the same amount of money as normal, but it will now be part of its interest charge. This means that the telecommunications division, for example, will increase its pre-interest profits by about £80 million – making it much easier to meet the target of a 6 per cent return on capital.

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# Eritrea: the pawn that fought back

Duped, terrorised, starved, bombed – and shunned by most of the relief agencies – the Eritreans still refuse to give in. **John Pilger** reports. Pictures by **Eric Piper**

Last month, a group of disconsolate journalists returned to Khartoum from Eritrea, where three and a half million people have been attempting to prevent their extinction for almost seventeen years.. The photographers were especially morose; they had seen no set-piece battles, snapped no advancing tanks and dodged no battles. 'All that hassle for nothing', said one of them, a veteran of Vietnam. 'There's no story down there.'

Last month, in Eritrea, Gebreab Tmarian amputated a limb, on average, every other night by candlelight. This was not unusual. He has been doing this for more than two years now, relying on his memory of surgical operations at the American Hospital in Asmara where he once worked as a scrub nurse. What was unusual was that his precious hoard of anaesthetics ran out completely and he was forced to operate using only a saw, surgical spirit and a mouth gag. In his 'hospital', as in others in Eritrea, stocks of blood, antiseptics, antibiotics and anti-malarials also expired and were not replenished, and a policy of *triage* was introduced, though not for the first time. Under *triage,* which is a French term coined in the carnage of the Somme, the most seriously ill are allowed to die because the drugs that might save them are kept for those with at least an even chance of survival.

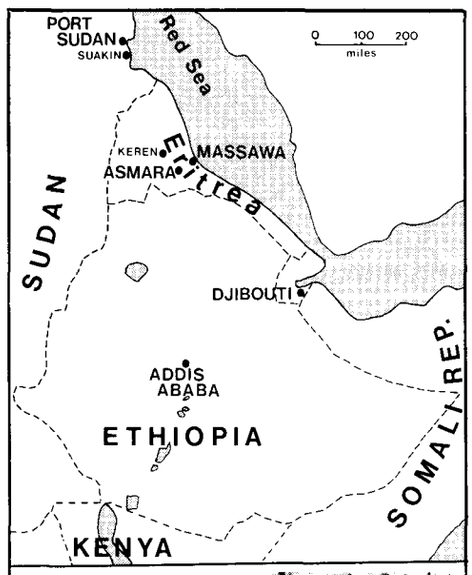
Last month, in Eritrea, a village called Hergego was cluster-bombed shortly after dawn by Ethopian MIG-21 jets supplied by the Soviet Union. The cluster bombs, supplied by Israel, spray minute needles that are designed to 'swim' through flesh and organs and are difficult to detect, even under X ray, and cause a slow death. Last month was certainly not the worst month the Eritreans have known in their long struggle to survive; no doubt a 'good story' of war, of the kind that produces identikit copy and pictures, is more readily available elsewhere. For me, Eritrea's story is unique.

The war between Eritrea and Ethiopia is a tricky one to report in the time-honoured way. Towns do not fall as Saigon fell, with an accompanying air of international theatre and with Telex machines and communications satellites on stand-by. There have been plenty of Ke Sanhs and massacres bloodier than My Lai; but, alas, there has not been a single helicopter to shuttle us in and out, in time to catch an edition; up until a few years ago, it was a camel or nothing.

Also, who are the good guys and bad guys? Of the thirty-three wars fought since 1945, Eritrea's is the only war to which none of the beloved shorthand labels will stick. 'Pro West', 'Pro Soviet', 'Marxist' etcetera *ad nauseum* – all are seen, at last, to be meaningless because Eritrea's enemies have come at her from over every ideological horizon: from 'imperialist' Ethiopia and 'revolutionary' Ethiopia, from America and Russia and their respective clients, Israel and Cuba.

The truth, I believe, is that the struggle of this beleaguered nation is not only heroic in the classic sense but a negation of the hoary, though still fashionable Kissinger/Brezhnev view that all the world is a chess game in which the small, resource-impoverished nations are mere pawns and can be moved at will, or declared to be expendable. Having been systematically duped, terrorised, starved and bombed, as well as shunned by most of the international relief industry (with honourable exceptions, such as Britain's War on Want), the Eritreans have fought back and have regained 95 per cent of their homeland, including 600 miles of perhaps the most strategic coastline on earth: that slim neck of the Red Sea through which pass much of Western Europe's raw material.

During these sixteen and a half years, longer than even Vietnam's most difficult years and in spite of a common poverty extreme by even the standards of the poor world, they have begun to build – in isolation – a self reliant, humane and literate society in which the national burden is shared willingly by most, around the clock, and the seeds of industrialisation have taken root on peasant land.



**The map shows Eritrea's strategic importance. Masawa is a deepwater port on the Red Sea, within sight of where the world's most vital shipping lanes converge. The Eritreans receive most of their supplies across the desert from Sudan. There is no road after Suakin, until the Eritrean border. This is the route JOHN PILGER took when he made the journey with a guerrilla convoy. Only Asmara, the capital, is not in the hands of the guerrillas.**

They are achieving this unaided, except for a modicum of Arab cash and a right-of-way through Sudan. Most of their arms, trucks, machines and tools either have been captured from the Ethiopians or are the products of their own ingenuity, made on underground assembly lines that have no equal in the Third World.

Even their dogma, a stewpot of basic Marx, has been usurped by years of bloody experience and betrayal. 'It may sound preposterous to you,' a teacher who had studied in Britain told me, 'but we have no left-wing and no right-wing. This is a European concept which has no application in Eritrea, or probably anywhere in Africa. How can we possibly use these stupid terms? We have been betrayed too often. We are *ourselves*: and we have no political debts.'

The Eritreans have never had to convince each other that their home-grown socialism is the right way for them, because there has been no other way to survive. Perhaps this is why their leadership has remained obscure and has changed constantly, without sustained upheaval. There is no Castro because there is no need; and they barely pay lip service to an international fraternity. With good reason. The Soviet Union used to trumpet their right to independence until African opportunities presented themselves; and the Cubans, who .ained the early guerrillas of the Eritrean Liberation Front, are now urgently completing airfields from which Ethiopian jets will drop Napalm and more cluster bombs. So much for the heirs of Che Guevara.

Who are they? Eritrea lies at the intersection of Africa and the Middle East. It is bound by the Red Sea on the east, Sudan on the north and west and Ethiopia and Djibouti on the south. After the collapse in the seventh century of the Axumite civilisation, which had integrated Semites with the original negroid population, the area fell into a long succession of internecine wars between feudal kingdoms, Christian highlanders, Moslem lowlanders, slavers and others, until the arrival of the Turks and Egyptians and finally the Italians in the late nineteenth century. The Italians did what all the colonialist powers did; they exploited and they defined a nation; Eritrea is an Italian word. They built factories, organised the land and educated the few, and they drew borders. In 1941 they were driven out by the British.

A treacherous John Bull appears on the posters of the two Eritrean liberation groups, and yet the British still hold pockets of goodwill in Eritrea. From 1941 to 1950 some of Britain's best colonial administrators went to Eritrea and are remembered with nostalgia by the older generation as

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**'Every school is an orphanage . . . they are oddly disciplined children, with the skeined expressions of small adults. They are taught many strange but useful things . . . for example, that if they are caught in an air raid in the open they must squat in single file, so that only some in the line will be hit.'**

the first foreigners to recognise the strength of the Eritrean case for independence. After the Second World War, the British Government and two international commissions agonised about what to do with Eritrea. In 1952 Britain finally fell in with a United Nations decision, backed by America, to 'constitute an autonomous unit federated with Ethiopia. . . .'

The Americans wanted to shore up Haile Selasse for much the same reasons that the Russians are propping up his successors. For the Americans then, the prize was the Kagnew communications station in the Eritrean capital of Asmara. For the Russians now, it is the deep-water port of Masawa on the Eritrean Red Sea coast. For those in power in Addis Ababa – be they the sycophants of the Lion of Judah or the current shoot-out cowboys of the *Dergue*, the Ethiopian military dictatorship – Eritrea has represented simply a route to the sea; a tract of necessary earth inhabited by unnecessary people; and genocide has been their strategy.

A member of the British administration in Eritrea, Sir Kennedy Trevaskis, wrote in a recent letter to *The Times:* 'In the circumstances of a country which was then almost evenly divided between Moslems who were demanding independence and Coptic Christians who wanted union with Ethiopians, it (the federation with Ethiopia) was not an unreasonable decision. Nevertheless . . . a blatant Ethiopian campaign of bribery, blackmail and intimidation was later launched against the newly-constituted Eritrean legislature enabling the Emperor, Haile Selasse, to anex Eritrea in 1962 with its ostensible consent. The Eritreans were left to seek their own salvation.'

In fact, the Eritrean parliament 'voted' for absorption into Ethiopia with Ethiopian guns trained on them from the galleries. The Emperor's troops immediately occupied Eritrea, the main Eritrean languages of Triginaya and Tigre were banned, leading partisans were murdered, thousands were imprisoned and a war of resistance began.

Ethiopian bombs, which did not distinguish between those of different faiths, quickly dissolved any Christian yearning to join the Emperor, and Christians are now prominent in both liberation groups, the ELF and its breakaway, the Eritrean People's Liberation Front, the EPLF. Each group has it own designated area of operation; but the warring between them has been one of the side tragedies of the Eritrean struggle. That the ELF is supposed to be 'more Moslem' and the EPLF 'more Marxist' is regarded as a pitiful irrelevance by most Eritreans, for whom the only issue is the justice of their nationalist cause.

In April, the two groups announced a joint command. Last month, in Beirut, they called on Ethiopia to open negotiations without conditions. The reply from Addis Ababa was a table-bashing call to 'annihilate the treacherous secessionists'.

Merely to reach Eritrea involves a journey of small epic proportions. From Port Sudan on the Red Sea, I was driven the thirty-five miles to Suakin, where the road south ends and the desert begins, literally, and where, I was told, a convoy would pass at 2 a.m. It did.

There were four large Fiat trucks, still with Ethiopians markings. They carried ammunition, food and tins of powdered milk given by Kuwait. The driver of my truck was a gentle, taciturn and suffering young man called Suleiman, who drove by the slant of the sun and, at night, by his instincts; there are occasional tracks but there is neither road nor map. He ate and drank little. He slept for only a few daylight hours when the squadrons of insects allowed. Malarial sweat streamed down his face and on several occasions, once during a sandstorm, he paced the length of his truck until the shaking had stopped. He accepted my anti-malarials, bemused; he had never seen such things before. His concern for me and for other passengers was unqualified; he insisted that we should rest when he didn't, that we should retreat to the anaemic shade of a thorn bush while he and the other drivers dug their vehicles out of the dunes; a spectacular of teamwork during which they sang relentlessly.

He was to drive as far south as the Asmara road – a spine-gutting journey of five nights – turn around and follow the same punitive route back to Port Sudan. And so he would go on and on, until the seasonal rains filled the riverbeds. He and his comrades did this with a cheerfulness and an old fashioned *esprit*, the like of which I have never known. Only after we had parted did I learn that he carried a piece of shrapnel in his neck. For me, he epitomised the Eritrean will.

Clinging to our load was what I misunderstood to be a family. In fact, each was the sole survivor of a family. One young woman had been sent to Port Sudan for hospital treatment. 'Why are you coming back?' I asked her. 'To fight,' she replied, 'what else?' Her parents had been killed in the shelling of Masawa by Ethiopian and Soviet Naval ships and her sister had been

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**Above: a victim of the spray of needles from a cluster bomb: right, a remnant of bomb-casing**

accidently killed in the evacuation of 40,000 civilians from the city. A third of all Eritreans are refugees. She, too, vibrated with malaria; they all have it, just as one child in every family has tuberculosis or trachoma, or both.

Eritrea began at a crumbling brick-and-stucco police post, manned by a Sudanese sergeant and shaded by a giant margossa tree brought as seedling from India by the British. Here, during the Second World War, the British post commander would alternately lunch with and snipe at his Italian counterpart from across the river. Or so goes the story. The old Italian post has flown the pale blue Eritrean flag since the Ethiopian garrison was overrun early last year: the first in a chain of successful sieges, which almost certainly would have climaxed in the fall of Asmara, the capital, had the Russians and Cubans stayed away.

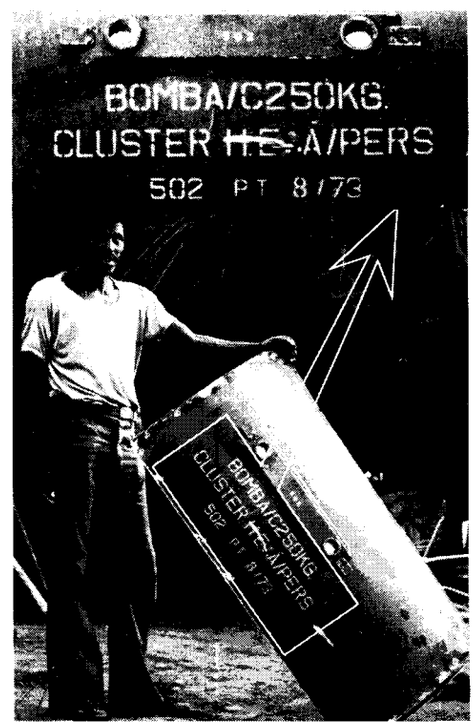
Beyond here, the landscape is extreme, outsized, almost grotesque: mountains rise in the shape of creatures or giant waves about to break. We continued at night for fear of strafing and on roads that coil round the mountains into mist and were dug by hand. On either side, on spilling terraces, were circles of raised stones, like miniatures of Stonehenge; the headlights never lost them and the deeper we went into Eritrea the more commonplace they became, until they formed a seemingly endless ribbon. They are graves. They are the graves of people killed from the sky – lone shepherds and nomads, and whole communities as the larger patterns of stones indicate – and of people who have died from disease and hunger; the Ethiopian famine, a long finger of the Sahel disaster four years ago, was especially severe in Eritrea and deaths were disproportionally high. Not a driblet of the relief that finally trickled out of Addis Ababa ever reached here.

The shock upon reaching Eritrea is the illusion that there are no people. Then, out of the ground, literally, they come, flashing torches, embracing the drivers. A generator thuds into life, a fuel line materialises, arc lights are slung across the stumpy trees and a platoon of mechanics swarms over the trucks. Spokes of light picked up vegetation that was neatly singed. Napalm had been dropped here that morning – 'like giant balls of blood', they said – and a shepherd and a child had been killed. Behind a tent, their charred remains lay covered by a tarpaulin, awaiting removal.

Eritrea is a nation of the night. The guerrillas carry out their ambushes in the early hours and retrieve their dead and wounded before the planes come at first light. Children go to school at dusk and farmers work in their fields by moonlight. In the north, a remarkable complete industrial town has been built almost entirely underground. At the end of tunnels and mine-shafts are factories and foundries, insulated by Ethiopian parachutes and powered by captured Birmingham-made generators.

Here, self-taught men and women, the sons and daughters of farmers and nomads, have triggered what amounts to their own small industrial revolution. In the 'gun factory', weapons of every nationality, from antique Brens to modern Kalashnikov rifles to huge artillery pieces, are stripped, studied and duplicated. Manuals are written from scratch; the Kalashnikov, for example, has been modified so that it is lighter and easier to control. 'It used to have a mind of its own', said the foreman, 'now it is truly an Eritrean weapon'.

In the 'metal shop', an entire Soviet MIG-21 fighter-bomber, which crash landed almost intact, has been recycled into guns, buckets, ovens, kitchen utensils, ploughs, hoes, X ray equipment and machine tools. In the 'electronics plant', superficially perfect copies of Sanyo and Hitachi radios are produced on an assembly line. In the 'woodwork factory', school desks are laid out with row upon row of crutches and artificial limbs; and in the 'textile factory' disabled soldiers, many of them amputees, sit at




modern Singer machines – captured in one raid on Asmara – making uniforms and children's clothes and flags to fly on independence day, which, they all say, *'must* be soon!'

'We have no use for birth control; we cannot get enough children to replace those who die or are killed. We actually encourage big families. Yes, that's fodder talk, but it is the reality of our situation. Let me tell you that no young person becomes a fighter until he can read and write and understand why he may die.' So spoke a young female teacher in an underground school, where one notebook and two pencils are shared among a class of fifty and crayons, paints, chalk and toys are unknown. (Money also is non-existent.)

Every school is an orphanage and the physically and mentally handicapped are

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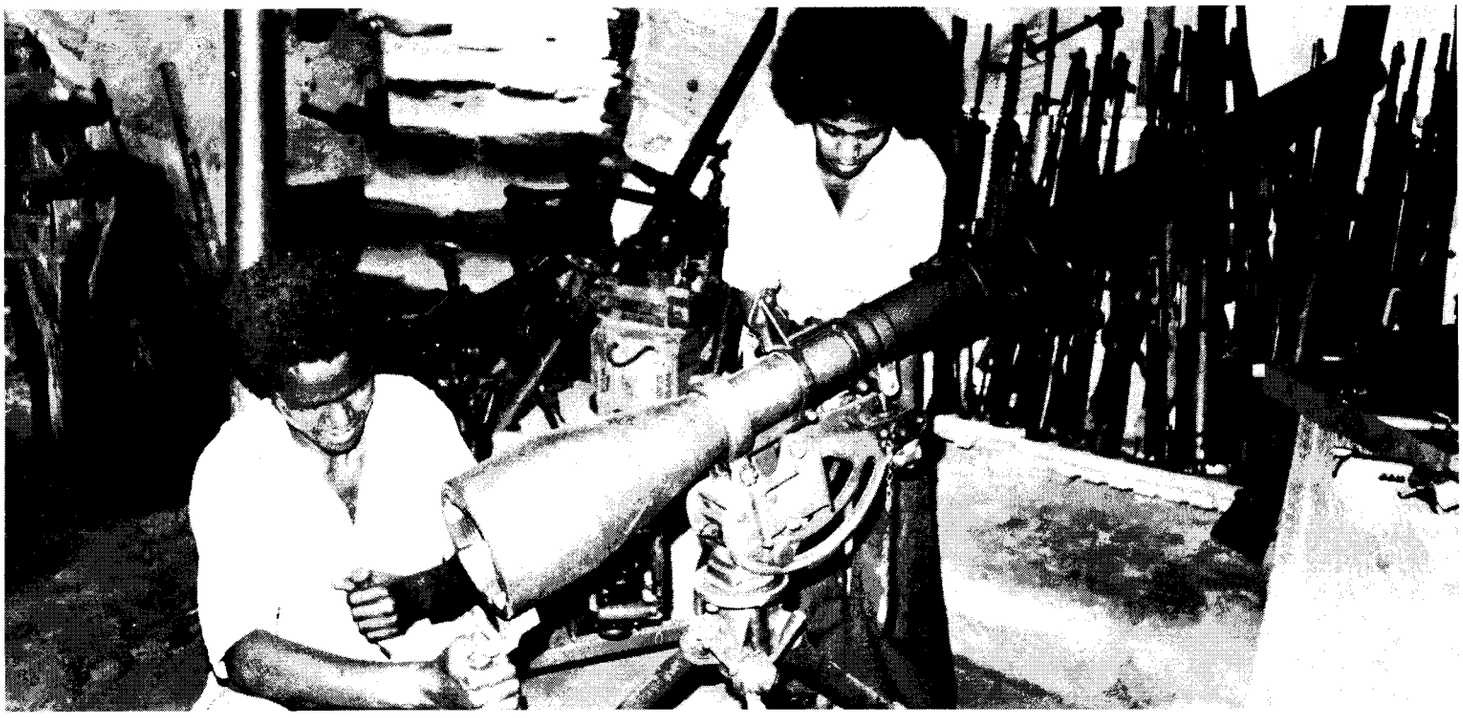

**In the 'gun factory' weapons of every nationality, from antique Brens to modern Kalashnikov rifles, are studied and duplicated**

sprinkled through each crowd of kids. They all are oddly disciplined children, with the skeined expressions of small adults. They are taught many strange, but useful things. They are taught, for example, that if they are caught in an air raid in the open they must squat in single file, so that only some in the line will be hit. When they reach 14, they are asked to 'volunteer' to be 'fighters'; and less than half of them escape death or injury. Almost all Eritrea's 'fighters', as their soldiers are called, have been born since the war began.

The Eritreans say that the Ethiopians, with their Soviet armour and cluster bombs and Cuban advisers, will never roll them back, and they may well be right; no demoralised, conventional army, such as Ethiopia's, would last long in the mountains. But they also admit that, whilst their morale and even their supply of arms is not in question, they walk a tightrope.

Since the severe drought of 1973/4 they have watched the weather with increasing anxiety. One crop already has failed this year, producing pockets of starvation. Wells are now down to 100 feet and almost dry, and the sand shifting across eroded fields and the desiccated remains of livestock, are unmistakable signs that there is worse to come. Even the preciously irrigated citruses in the lowlands are beginning to die; much of one plantation was recently finished off by a lone marauding Ethiopian F-5 and three canisters of defoliant gas.

On the other side of this tightrope is the prospect for the wounded and sick. The most basic medicines are not being replaced. I have seen a number of wars, but never have I seen field hospitals attempting to function with so little. At one hospital, so called, there was not a single first-aid kit left and half a bottle of blood. Outside in the heat, beside a malarial steambog, used bandages were being scrubbed in cooking pans and these will be used again and again, and applied inexpertly but with tenderness by a squad of children called 'The Dressers'.

At this hospital the 'wards' are in dank tunnels which spit dirt; and infection is now the main cause of death among the wounded. There are just three surgeons and 13 physicians for Eritrea's three and a half million people. They are now operating without forceps and treating with drugs that are time-expired, or with none at all.

I stood with one young doctor while he tried to decide which of two people should have the only anti-biotics available: a teenage boy, pocked with shrapnel, or a fleshless child with tuberculosis. The boy had the best chance of survival and it was decided that he should be treated; the child died.

As the West begins to panic over the 'loss' of Africa to the Russians, Eritrea has, at last, rated a mention or two. Dr David Owen dutifully followed a speech by President Carter in Nigeria earlier this year with his own verbal leg-slap for the Russians, Cubans and Ethiopians. This speech was much acclaimed for its bellicosity, but it amounted to nothing; last month the Foreign Office made publicly clear that it was 'not policy' to extend humanitarian aid to 'unrecognised States', such as Eritrea. Judith Hart, the Overseas Development Minister, has since tried to help by promising to send money through the International Red Cross in Geneva. The amount is a piddling £150,000.

I hitch-hiked back to Port Sudan and flew on to Khartoum, where the Hilton Hotel was accommodating a clutch of competing foreign salesmen. Among them were spruce fellows from British Aerospace who were trying to persuade the Sudanese to buy a complete missiles system. This year, Britain's Labour Government will approve the export of almost a billion pounds' worth of arms to the Third World, most of it to dictators such as the Shah of Iran, who runs, of course, a 'recognised state'. While amputations proceed in Eritrea without anaesthetics, this is worth mentioning.


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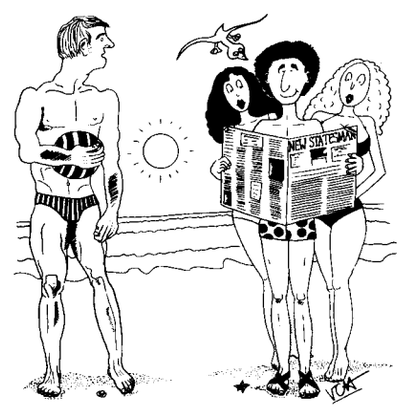


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# Anna Coote: Going, Boeing, gone

Frantic lobbying has been going on this week to stop British Airways ordering any more Boeing aircraft. On July 10th, Edmund Dell told Parliament he had approved an order of nineteen 737s to replace British Airways' ageing Trident Ones and Twos. The deal was worth about £120 million and came as part of a package which also gave the go ahead to negotiate up to six more British Aerospace 1-11s and to put the short-haul and long-abandoned HS146 into full development at last.

The package did not, however, include answers to the questions which are most crucial to the future of Britain's aircraft industry. What aircraft will be ordered for the next round of replacements in the mid-1980's? And will Britain join the European Airbus consortium? The answer to the first question will affect the second; and negotiations on Britain's part in the Airbus industry are now at a critical stage.

At the beginning of the week many people feared that a decision had already been taken to order Boeing 757s. Boeing had promised that the new aircraft would be launched with Rolls Royce engines and that British Aerospace would make the wings – which it said would amount to giving Britain 50 per cent of the workload. The plan seemed particularly attractive to Rolls Royce, which has claimed that its future depends on going in with Boeing; and with the NEB, which has plans to invest £250 million to develop a new, more powerful version of the RB211 engine.

The French, on the other hand, were less than delighted to find Britain trying to bargain its way into the European consortium while at the same time planning to place further orders with a dangerous competitor. The French Transport Minister Joel le Theule announced last week that Britain would not get a share in the £450 million development programme of the B-10 airbus unless it could be relied upon to patronise the business.

As is normal in times like these the UK government is scrabbling around desperately for a compromise. But there won't be room for one this time: the idea that we might buy *some* 757s and also succeed in carving out a useful niche for ourselves in the Airbus programme is not realistic. It's Boeing or Europe.

The Boeing option is not favoured by most of the relevant trade unions, despite its apparent advantages for Rolls Royce. It certainly has plenty of snags, not least the fact that Boeing will not guarantee a steady flow of work for British Aerospace. In the US it allows its workforce to fluctuate with its orders – a policy which would be unacceptable to BAe employees.

Working for Boeing, BAe would be reduced to the role of a mere sub-contractor – with dire consequences for its design and development capacity. The future of the British aerospace industry depends on maintaining a strong initiative in design. That initiative would be lost and could not be rescued by a relatively minor project such as the HS146. It would then be only a matter of time before Britain's civil aircraft industry collapsed, leaving BAe dependent on hawking military wares to the third world.

Is it worth paying that sort of price to save Rolls Royce? The Boeing deal does not hold out a solid gold future for the engine company. It promises to *launch* the 757's with the RB211-535, but it has not promised to put the same engine into the ones it hopes to sell to other airlines. Only last April, in its sales pitch to United Airlines (the biggest in the US), Boeing presented 757s with General Electric engines.

There is a danger, too, that the 757s may never get seriously off the ground. Not an undercarriage problem – there seem to be doubts about the size of the market for it. Boeing is launching two other aircraft first: the 767 and the 777. If the market for the 757 fails to materialise in a convincing form, it may be scrapped or merged with the 767.

In spite of the noises it is making, Rolls Royce will not go up in a puff of smoke if the Boeing deal falls through. It could play a key role in one or both of the projects which are currently competing with the 757. That will depend on how the British government plays its cards in the next few weeks.

The two competitors are the Joint European Transport (JET) venture and McDonnell Douglas's Advanced Technology Medium Range (ATMR) design. However, the strongest alternative to Boeing is offered by a proposal to merge the two into a single venture. This has certainly been a major focus of the week's lobbying and is a firm favourite with the trade unions.

The idea is that McDonnell Douglas should join Britain and the Airbus consortium to develop its ATMR aircraft. The programme would be split three ways, with one share for McDonnell Douglas, one for Britain and one for Europe.

The ATMR would become the JET 3 aircraft and would be launched with Rolls Royce Engines. JET 2 would remain with the French CFM56 engines, as planned.

Advocates of the McDonnell Douglas-Europe link-up point out that it would leave Britain's designers with a leading role in a strong industry, while British Aerospace remained partners in the scheme, rather than powerless sub-contractors. Once committed to Europe, Britain would have a viable base from which to negotiate for Rolls Royce engines to be included in some future orders for the B-10 airbus. It has been suggested, for example, that Air Canada might be a customer. Through McDonnell Douglas, the European consortium would gain a useful new entree to the US market.

British Airways was somewhat embarrassed by the leak of a report from its own Flight Development Manager earlier this month. A BA team had flown out to Boeing in Seattle to evaluate the 757 flight deck layout and systems operation, and while on the West Coast had taken a day trip down to McDonnell Douglas to look at the ATMR-2 aircraft. The team gave a far more favourable report of the latter, saying that Boeing gave a 'general impression of overconfidence bordering on complacency', as if there were no real competition. McDonnell Douglas meanwhile, 'could truly claim to be designing an aircraft with features appropriate to the operating environment of the 1980s and 1990s. Whilst it is true that both manufacturers are taking advantage of the advanced technology now available MDA are designing-in other very attractive features which pilots greatly appreciate'.

The Germans are apparently keen on a joint venture with McDonnell Douglas. The main difficulty (apart from getting three publicly-owned British companies to behave as though they had an interest in common) would be to win over the French – who are still smarting from unsuccessful negotiations with MDA a couple of years ago, and who are reluctant to let Rolls Royce into a field currently dominated by their own engines. However, it is believed that they could be persuaded if the right sort of approach were made, preferably by the Germans. That would only be possible if Britain cooled its ardour towards Boeing and gave a more convincing impression that it could be seriously committed to the European industry.

# Engines for Pinochet

*Donald Mackay writes*: Four Rolls Royce engines which have been overhauled in the company's East Kilbride yards are destined for use in the Chilean air force's Hawker Hunter planes. They represent part of a massive arms contract signed by Rolls Royce with the then Frei government. Since the coup, AUEW and TGWU shop stewards have been blacking their return to the Junta. The Chileans, however, are getting impatient and are now armed with a court order saying the engines are legally theirs. Last week the British government bowed to this pressure and granted the engines an export order, to the fury of the anti-Junta lobby in Britain.

Some of them argue that the decision to release the engines contravenes a promise Jim Callaghan made as Foreign Secretary in the House of Commons in March 1974 that no new export licences would be granted for arms to the Chilean government. The government say they are merely sticking to their promise that they would sign no new arms deals with Chile but that they would honour existing ones such as for these engines. However, that does not cover a point made by Harold Wilson in the House in May 1974 that he 'had been in touch with Rolls Royce and that as far as the overhaul is concerned the contract between the company and the Chileans provides for termination on three months' notice. Rolls Royce will exercise this contractual right at the government's request'. Since then our government has changed its mind and argues that the Chileans can refuse to end the contract until the engines have been returned. There is however a way out now. The engines have been sitting in the open air for the last four years and are badly damaged. They would need many weeks work before they could be used. The option would be to send the engines back now as they are and thus be able to end the present contract, refuse any future ones and leave the generals with four useless engines.

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# London Diary

☐ I rarely speak to executives of *Times Newspapers*. They are a little too Olympian. I have to admit, however, that the letter employees received from Mr M. J. Hussey, chief executive, is a model of Zeus-like condescension. 'I am addressing this letter to your home', he wrote, 'because my colleagues and I believe that the time has come for a direct approach to all staff as employees of a Company in danger.' The *Sunday Sometimes,* as it is known to those embittered readers who have since April suffered from the loss of 4½m. copies, is in particular trouble. The unions involved deny that they have been invited to serious talks with the management. Indeed, the latest *Times* NATSOPA diktat (July 21) claims that 'Management does not want to solve these matters other than by confrontation . . . It is our forecast that some time next month a declaration will be made that there has been a "breakdown of the discussions"; followed by some form of 90-days notice being given to all staff.'

In his turn, Mr Hussey is at pains to stress that the threatened closure of all *Times* newspapers should not be interpreted by unions as 'unnecessary or aggressive.' The editorial staff is divided in its reactions. Some, worried about the future, are already making plans to follow Stanley Bonnet, ex-education correspondent of the *Daily Mirror* (a post, it has been suggested, akin to that of wine correspondent for the *Methodist Recorder*) out to Alaska, where there are rich pickings to be made in oil and public relations.

Others dismiss the threat as 'mere sabre-rattling'. Whatever happens, Mr Hussey has not loosed his bolts to the detriment of his business acumen. His warnings were equally valid in April, when first hinted at. But he has given disruptive elements until November 30 to accede – a date neatly coinciding with the end of the autumn advertising bonanza, of unprecedented dimensions this year, at least for the *Sunday Times*. Should negotiations fail, at least *Times Newspapers* will have that in the bank.

☐ Foreigners, happily flogging people for distilling illicit alcohol, are still not used to Western refinements like actually paying for goods. Last week, three Saudi-Arabian women ran up fines of over £4,000 for carelessly abstracting items from Marks & Spencer's. M & S, however, has nothing on Harrods. At their sale recently a Yorkshire woman was languidly fingering a bolt of cloth. Suddenly, it was seized by an Arab shopper who hit her over the head with it. Picking herself up, she complained to the manager. 'I'm dreadfully sorry, Madam,' he replied, 'but there's nothing we can do about it. We have recently accepted a substantial rise in pay on condition that we tolerate such behaviour from our customers.' *Caveat emptor.*

☐ 'If I hadn't had a good education, I might have ended up like Mandy Rice-Davies', says Molly Parkin whose latest novel *Switchback* is out this week. Being pornographic – though she prefers to describe her work as 'sexual farce of the highest order' – has its perils. Determinedly oriented to knickers, orgasms and being deliberately outrageous (her hat at last week's publishing party was a large bowl of cherries) she attracts problems, mostly letters. 'There's this Dick of Amsterdam who's always writing (he *would* be Dick, of course) and he keeps on about children and dogs. I suppose I get about 200 letters after a novel comes out. I always used to have a geriatric in my novels and that appealed to a lot of older readers; but now I'm getting older and they're not so interested.'

Parkin is now 46, long-sighted, but determined to win the Booker Prize. 'Why not? No-one thought I could write fashion for the *Sunday Times*, but I did.' She also paints very well and once even opened a restaurant. It was so successful that it closed within six weeks, drunk dry and eaten out by free-loading friends. Notably dotty, she remains highly engaging.

☐ Long an addict of androids, robots and time-warps, I went along with alacrity to the opening of *Forbidden Planet,* a new shop in Denmark Street. It was already packed, despite the lack of advertising, with the usual unlikely mob of science fiction enthusiasts – punk rockers, philosophy students, schoolboys and retired admirals. 'Ask me anything you want', invited Stan, the resident fiction expert. 'All right, I riposted, 'what *were* the Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch?' He didn't know (actually, neither did I).

Since that heady day in 1966 when Harrison and Aldiss threw pork pies at each other during the Great Yarmouth congress, science fiction has become intellectually respectable. 'It's no longer "Golly gosh here's a monster, shock, horror" explained one of the three young partners. He graduated to his present eminence from research on Dennis Wheatley's *Library of the Occult* and reads James Joyce as light relief. 'It's more philosophical now, which is why your intellectuals have taken it up.'

It's also more profitable. There are three main addictions. One starts at about 1937, collecting first editions of *Superman,* the first issues of *Starlos* (£4.25 each) or reprints from the Tarzan strips (limited edition £120). 'Actually, I don't really approve of them, they're just investors – they don't read for the love of it', my guide said.

Novels make up the second category. Connoisseurs exchange opinions on the change from Robert Heinlein's early Leftism to his later neo-Fascism. At the literary level, apparently, Philip Kay Dick, Ursula K. le Guin and Bob Shaw are all right – Asimov a bit dated. At the third, visual, level – rather more rarefied – a boxed set of Frank Kelly Freas sells at £19.50 (limited edition of a thousand) and anyone with £3,000 to spare could invest in a Frank Fazetta original. With no sign of downturn in the market, and the film of *Superman* coming up it might be as well to start now. Today's comic is obviously tomorrow's heirloom. (COMICON opens this weekend in Bloomsbury. Ten years ago there were only 50 members; there are now 1,500 attending the comics congress.)

☐ John Hurt thinks he might have the answer as to why he was banned from taking part in the film *Zulu Dawn,* shot in South Africa. Speculation has been rife. Was it that the government disapproved of his brilliant portrayal of the homosexual Quentin Crisp in *The Naked Civil Servant*? Did they dislike his role in *East of Elephant Rock,* involving a diplomat with a coloured mistress? 'I am not a political activist', says Hurt, 'it's bad enough just acting; but I would have liked to see South Africa.' He now suspects that the whole farrago was just a mistake (BOSS is noted for its bureaucratic ineptitude). There is another actor, John Hurd, American and an alleged draft-dodger. Maybe, Hurt thinks, a consonant-shift took place and BOSS became linguistically confused?

☐ The back page of the *Times* is rapidly becoming one of the best reads in the paper. Crossword scanners were delighted this week by the inclusion of two notably homosexual clues; and the personal column has reached new heights of gnomic intensity. Sometimes, disappointingly, these turn out to be heavily disguised advertisements. Who would guess, for example, that *Ada, Do too many cooks spoil the broth or do many hands make light work?* is a message from the chairman of Noilly Prat to the canteen cook? The Ashbrooke-Pembleton-ffrench family are, I hope, another matter. For months now they have been delighting readers with arcane accounts of their tortuous social life, which includes rarities like midnight vole-watching. On Monday, for the first time, a telephone number appeared. I rang it. 'Of course they're a real family, I've just sold Charles Ashbrooke-Pembleton-ffrench ten tickets for the Young Conservative ball', came the reply. Was he, I hazarded, a salesman or in advertising? 'Certainly not. I'm a solicitor, my name's Hugh Simmonds and I'm standing as Tory candidate at Leeds West. What do you mean, I sound like a salesman? You don't sound like a reporter, come to think of it. Why don't you come to the ball? Willie Whitelaw will be there.' Ah, well.

**Ruth Hall**

# This England

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☐ The Foreign Secretary has no plans to ask the French Government for the return to Britain of the entrails of Henry V. Mr Judd, Foreign Office Minister of State, yesterday relayed this decision to Mr Faulds (Lab., Warley) who wanted the Government to seek the return of the entrails. – *Daily Telegraph* (Tom Lawrence)

☐ No one who has not at least whipped in to hounds or brought up a dog as his companion in venery can know of the skills and emotions entailed. – *The Times* (J. Johnson)

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# First Person

## Arthur Marshall: Clean Living

I have little patience with those who complain that the M roads ruin the countryside for they do nothing of the sort. They sit, as all can see, very neatly and tidily upon the landscape and provide gently undulating and curving whitish ribbons that enable travellers to view charming sections of our land that would otherwise be denied them (there are delightful woodland stretches on the M3, and Somerset's green hills glimpsed panoramically from the M5 are a sight for the sorest eyes). But such roads are, possibly, a shade impersonal and some of us still prefer to motor along A and B roads and those of us who do so should give the road-improvers credit where credit is undoubtedly due. Post-war and bound for Devon from London, I made much use of the A303 that you eventually got on to with the help of the A30, skirting Heathrow and then winding your way to the west through such towns as Andover, Amesbury, Mere and Wincanton. The road was then in places little more than a country lane but it has, over the years, vastly improved its corners, widened itself and acquired, latterly, a generous supply of divided highway (I prefer the American description rather than the absurdly archaic 'dual carriageway'). And relatively recently, by-passes have made Andover and Amesbury and the rest just collections of buildings on the horizon.

But these excellent changes have removed from me a small pleasure. Regular readers now seem kindly to accept the fact that my pleasures tend to be simple, not to say childish, ones and the one of which I now write is simplicity itself. In one of the towns now shunned by the A303 but through which I used regularly to pass, there was to be seen, in the main shopping street, a hairdresser's called 'Muriel's'. It was, I don't doubt and like all hair-dressing parlours, jammed to the doors, most women (and many men) now finding life intolerable without at least a weekly visit. Right next door to Muriel's there was a representative of those excellent dry-cleaners that have a chain of busy shops that just call themselves 'Bollom'. The sign lettering above the two establishments was of roughly similar size and design and so, passing in a car, what one saw out of the corner of one's eye was MURIEL'S BOLLOM.

What, I used to wonder, would saucy and masculine French tourists make of this? Who, they would ask themselves, is this Muriel, and what her bollom? What was she *providing*? Hunting with feverish excitement in their dictionaries, they would soon come upon the word 'bolometer', evidently going back to the original spelling of bollom and meaning 'an instrument for measuring radiant energy.' Was it, therefore, radiant energy that Muriel was dispensing, and if so, by what means and how channelled? Just how much would Muriel's energy, radiant or otherwise, come to in francs? As they stop the car and then burst their way into Muriel's, one can sense their disappointment and frustration and their increased contempt, already running at a fairly high level, for everything English. Don't forget that they will already have seen, along our road-sides, frequent announcements of SOFT VERGES. For those who haven't a great deal of frog, let me say that the word *verge* is an alternative (there are many) for the male member, and I write in a purely physical and non-parliamentary sense. The adjective 'soft' applied to such contraptions is just what hot-blooded foreigners would expect of this effete race. With dispirited cries of '*Que voulez-vous!*' and shrugs galore, they climb into the Peugeot and press disgustedly on.

A book has come my way which will make one and all thank heaven for busy Bollooms and their cleansing counterparts. It is called *Crinolines and Crimping Irons* by Christina Walkley and Vanda Foster and it is a fascinating and eyebrow-raising account of how Victorian clothes in pre-Bollom days were cleaned and cared for (Peter Owen provides it, pleasantly illustrated, at £7.95). Dipping freely about in such period periodicals as *Sylvia's Home Journal* (dead nuts on retaining personal property with the aid of marking ink: 'A prettily written name is never unsightly on linen in full view'), *The Toilette* (inclined to be snooty: 'the odour of lavender is vulgar'), *Woman's World* (keen on ostrich feathers), *The Ladies' Cabinet* and *The Work-woman's Guide* (helpful over making do and mending), our authoresses have popped beneath the crinolines and the six or seven cotton petticoats that accompanied them and have discovered exactly what went on to preserve clothes (not even the richest discarded dresses in a hurry) and keep them fresh, an appalling undertaking when one finds that in 1842 Lady Aylesbury wore forty-eight yards of material, or just over two cricket pitches, in each of what we can only call her 'gowns'.

Care for a few tips? Here goes, then. First things first and for a pleasing deodorant mix together handfuls of chloride of lime and carbonate of soda and apply freely where it's going to do most good. Clean your velvets carefully with bacon rind and then brush with crape. Want to preserve the natural colour of your buff linens? Then plunge them immediately into an infusion of hay (there's heaps about). Waterproof your calicos by sousing them in boiled linseed oil. Remove surface grease from plush with stale bread and then dab on chloroform to bring up the colour (your friendly local chemist will understand all your little needs and will apparently supply on demand whole bucketfuls of vitriol, sugar of lead and sulphuric acid). Warmly recommended for the go-ahead is the hand-operated 'Torpedo' washing machine, fashioned from corrugated iron, and never forget that gin (1/6 a pint at Harrods) is a splendid cleaning agent. Once again, apply freely where it's going to make its restorative powers most apparent.

On we go, our hearts high, belting out the washing-day song provided by *The Girl's Own Paper*:

> *Soap and rub, sing and scrub*
> *Singing at the washing-tub.*
> *Souse and swing, rinse and wring,*
> *Standing at the mangle, sing!*

Don't forget to suspend, from time to time, *all* your white woollen articles in sulphur fumes. To stiffen hats made of straw and which have gone, like so many of us, limp, just boil a quarter pound of buffalo hide in water (it will form a rather whiffy jelly and is A.1. as a stiffening agent) or, if you just happen to have it handy, a cupful of ivory shavings will do just as well. As to gloves, evening ones must be made of kid, and twenty buttons is about right (gloves worn in church may only be removed 'if the wearer be in imminent danger of fainting'). From the 1850s, heels began to appear on shoes but even the modest height of one inch was considered perilous. When her daughter sprained her foot, her mother (that supreme realist, Queen Victoria) pounced at once on the cause: 'I am sure you had too high-heeled boots'. Her Majesty favoured the elastic-sided boot patented in 1837.

Though authorities on clothes and cleaning tended to concentrate on the well-to-do and their more interesting wardrobes, there were for the needy two books, *How to Dress on £15 a Year as a Lady* and *How to Dress Well on a Shilling a Day*, which comes to roughly the same thing, the latter skittishly holding out hope of a bonus or two ('Sometimes *monsieur le mari* brings home a little *cadeau* to help out the 1s a day!'). And this modest outlay at least allows a pint of gin every other day.

## Roger Woddis

## Meaning Business

'The Conservative Party needs industrial representation at least as much as industry does.' – *Daily Telegraph* leader on the CBI report on Parliament and industry.

From shopfloor and boardroom,
From desk and canteen,
As typists, tycoons or trainees,
From fat firms and slim firms,
And those in between,
Come dancing tomorrow's MPs.

With so many members
Professional chaps,
Or once academically gowned,
Our men in the Commons
Who favour cloth caps
Are frightfully thin on the ground.

The past must be buried,
Along with those ties
That stand more for breeding than brains,
If we're to hang on to
Those values we prize,
And keep a tight hold on the reins.

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# Letters to the Editor

## Nature Lovers

*Sir*, '. . . because the 1967 Act allows two over-21 males their *private* pleasures the police have intensified the discouragement of *public* displays. This is justifiable, but it's hard luck for "nature lovers"', says Harry Edwards (Letters 21 July). If the 'hard luck' Mr Edwards refers to is the sight of policemen hiding among the bushes, then I suggest he complains of this affront to his aesthetic sensibilities by writing to the Home Office or to his chief constable and suggesting a more useful deployment of an undermanned force.

Why 'justifiable' intensifications? Is the implication that the magnanimity shown to gays by the 1967 legislation, which allows two men over 21 to behave sexually as they wish in private, must be paid for by sterner discipline in all other situations? And what is this about '*public* displays'? The only public displays of sexuality I've ever seen are by heterosexual couples in alleyways, on the streets and on beaches, and it is almost unknown for the police to interfere in such situations. Gay clubs, on the other hand, eg in the Greater Manchester Area, have been threatened with closure for allowing 'licentious dancing', though I have yet to hear of heterosexual dance halls in this area being so threatened.

Prosecutions for homosexual acts have more than doubled since 1967, sometimes for relationships with men under 21, more often for soliciting (and 'soliciting' can be a very elastic term), although the person solicited is frequently a plain clothes policeman acting as an agent provocateur. No member of the public need be present. This form of incitement is against Home Office policy, but that need not deter an ambitious policeman. Conviction, even though leading only to a fine, may easily destroy a career and ruin a life. After the revolution in *Animal Farm*, when the pigs came to take control, they thought it necessary to explain that though all animals are equal, some are more equal than others. When it comes to human sexual love, the heterosexual establishment has not yet got to the stage of *thinking* in terms of equality.

DAVID HA NEGEV
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*London E7*

## Henry Moore in Bradford

*Sir*, Ruth Hall's view of the Henry Moore exhibition which has just closed here at the Cartwright Hall museum is very much a London-based one. More than 50,000 people have seen the Moores in Bradford – it really is of little use to many of us that there are 'already four exhibitions of his work in London'. Moore is a Yorkshireman, and yet his work is thin on the ground in the North – alas, cities likes Bradford have hesitated to buy good sculpture. There have been no other provincial exhibitions of any size in a decade. So far as the cost of mounting the Moore Cartwright show went the greater part came from the Henry Moore Foundation, the Arts Council and Yorkshire Television. Another point is that the Cartwright Hall has suffered from the closure of the V and A touring exhibition department – a really damaging and shameful economy of this government. There must be a trend towards more independent shows mounted outside London, in such emerging cultural centres as Bradford.

Having said all that one must agree with Ruth Hall that the exclusion of 'allcomers' from the next International Print Biennale seems inexplicable. Such exclusion will almost certainly detract from both the internationalism and the zany, original strength of parts of the show.

RODERICK THOMSON
*Bradford Grammar School*
*Bradford*

*Sir*, I am writing about Ms Ruth Hall's item in London Diary 14 July, about the British International Print Biennale and the Bradford Henry Moore exhibition.

Amusingly written as this item may be, it is misleading in several ways. First, the responsibility for postponing exhibitions is not that of the Lord Mayor, but the relevant body of elected members, that is the Cultural Activities Panel. Secondly, although the gross costs of the Biennale and the Henry Moore exhibition were much the same, the net cost to Bradford Metropolitan Council of the Moore exhibition was, thanks to grants from the Henry Moore Foundation and sponsors, £5,000, as opposed to £13,000 for the Biennale. Thirdly, Bradford is located some 198 miles from London, so the suggestion that the Henry Moore exhibition at Bradford was unnecessary because of four London exhibitions, disregards the expense and time necessary to reach London from West Yorkshire. The exhibition in fact created great interest in the region and was visited by some 56,173 people. It also might be argued that in terms of setting a Yorkshire gallery and the surrounding Pennine landscape were appropriate for Moore's sculpture. Fourthly, although it is not appropriate here to go into the detail of the reasons for the change in format of the Biennale, I would say the decisions taken were to ensure a significant and administratively feasible exhibition in 1979. I would also point out that one of the reasons for deferring the 6th Biennale until 1979 was so that it would coincide with the Bradford Art Gallery's centenary. Lastly, I would say that work by Henry Moore and David Hockney will not be included in the 6th Biennale.

P. W. G. LAWSON
*Principal Keeper, Arts*
*Directorate of Educational Services*
*City of Bradford*

## Models and Buildings

*Sir*, Jeremy Bray (NS 14 July) believes that additional public spending should be directed to current expenditure rather than capital investment. I find the figures used to support this argument rather hard to believe. The cost of reducing unemployment by one person through public investment is given as £38,000 in the first year and £22,000 in the second. Most public investment is construction where expenditure of, say, £20,000 per year would certainly be sufficient to increase employment by one operative. In construction, unlike manufacturing, there is no question of an increase in demand being met by existing resources of labour. The reduction in unemployment which results from spending £20,000 per year on construction work is rather greater than one because there is also employment created in design and supervision of the work and the manufacture of building material as well as for the worker on the building site.

I doubt that increasing current expenditure by the public sector, except through job-creation schemes, will be of great help in directly reducing the number of unemployed manual workers since additional expenditure on staffing in the personal service area of the public sector will increase white collar employment principally. With construction workers accounting for 14 per cent of the unemployed the important role of public construction work in reducing unemployment cannot be ignored.

CHARLES WILLIAMS
*Building Material Producers*
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## Consistent Beer

*Sir*, Although I agree with Mr Calvert (Letters, 14 July) that the kegging of beer produces consistency, I cannot accept that this is a good thing if the main characteristic of that consistency is the mediocrity of the end product. The fact is that pressurisation does affect the flavour of beer both directly and indirectly.

When beer is pressurised, $CO_2$ dissolves in it. This gives it a sickly, unpleasant flavour. Furthermore, the sheer volume of gas dissolved can be a problem for the drinker. If Mr Calvert will drink a pint of water, and then try to drink a pint of carbonated soda water *at the same speed*, he will see what I mean. In addition, pasteurisation, by killing off the yeast, prevents the secondary fermentation which gives cask-conditioned ('real') beer its distinctive flavour. Because of this, the beer tastes bland and unspectacular. Brewers often carbonate to an excessive degree to hide this characteristic. As for bugs, Mr Calvert should be thankful he did not live in the middle ages when rotten meat was often added to ale to give it flavour!

Consistency and profit would not be bad things if the brewers produced a decent product for their customers to drink at the end of it all. Too often they don't. That is why CAMRA has 20,000 members.

RICHARD WILLIAMS
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## Innuendos about the CP

*Sir*, In her item on the Communist University of London, (London Diary 21 July) Ruth Hall showed talents for malicious distortion and spiteful innuendo which admirably qualify her to write gossip columns for journals of wider circulation than the NEW STATESMAN. Anyone able to compare E. J. Hobsbawm's opening address with her account of it will be in no doubt that her facility for turning history into fiction far surpasses anything that Hobsbawm is likely to achieve.

She manages to convey the impression that Hobsbawm characterised all Marxist theory as 'metaphysics', whereas in fact his reference to 'Marxist metaphysics' was specifically directed at a particular current of academic Marxism which he was concerned to distinguish from Marxist theory in general.

He did *not* claim, contrary to Ms Hall, that 'the average *Guardian* reader today faces almost insurmountable problems when confronted with . . . Left wing terrorists', merely that such terrorists would have been condemned even more vehemently from that quarter 'if they had waved not the red flag but the swastika'. Nor is it true to assert that only three courses of the event were 'fully subscribed', and the intention behind the phrasing is tendentious. In fact, these particular courses had proved so popular that they exhausted the accommodation available for them.

None of these points establishes that the CUL was a brilliant success or prove in addition that Ms Hall's sneers about its middle class composition are unjustified but while accuracy may be a tedious obligation, especially for a journalist, it remains an indispensible element in any criticism worth taking seriously.

W. THOMPSON
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# BOOKS IN GENERAL

David Caute

# Unrealpolitik

**Undesirable Alien** by RÉGIS DEBRAY translated by Rosemary Sheed *Allen Lane* £4.25
**A Critique of Arms, Vol. II: The Revolution on Trial** by RÉGIS DEBRAY translated by Rosemary Sheed *Penguin* £3.95

Some 40 years after the appearance of *La Condition Humaine*, Debray published his first novel, *L'Indésirable*. Inevitably, Malraux comes to mind: both authors are glittering stars of the intellectual Left, both hypnotised by humane versions of marxism, both militant activists, both deriving dramatic inspiration from the tragic collision of individual idealism and heartless political calculation.

At first sight, it is as if nothing had happened during those 40 years, so uncannily similar are the dilemmas, personal and ideological, presented by Malraux and Debray. China in the 1920s, a Latin American country fronting the Caribbean in the 1970s – two corrupt and oppressive regimes crying out for liberation; two theatres of action magnetising revolutionary intellectuals from abroad; and, most subversive to our sense of time as history, as change, as progress, two remarkably similar portraits of the Communist Party instigating, then cruelly betraying, the armed insurrection.

Yet the differences between the two novels are striking. The crucial ingredient that transformed Malraux's epic of heroic sacrifice into tragedy was hope – and innocence. The generation that first read *La Condition Humaine* was astonished by its revelation of calculated Communist *realpolitik*; but neither Debray's readers nor Debray's characters can retain, 40 years later, that kind of innocence, naïveté or hope. From the moment one opens *Undesirable Alien* one is stripped of illusion: 'The underground has its own aristocracy – an aristocracy of absence – and the highest title of all is conferred by death, by murder or execution.' True, this has an unnervingly *malrucien* ring about it; compare it, for example, to Kyo's reflection, as he prepares to commit suicide in *La Condition Humaine*: 'No, dying could become an action, an exalted deed, the supreme expression of a life to which this death was so similar . . .' This existentialist dimension to insurgency (sceptics and those who have recently been deprived of their knee-caps may call it *machismo* wrapped in Hegelian cloth of gold) has always fascinated the French Left; yet the core of Debray's outlook is very different from Malraux's. With Malraux, and Sartre too, perhaps, betrayal from within the Revolution is fatal, catastrophic; with Debray it is almost an inevitable part of things, a reflection of social complexity and the tight boundaries of effective action. Besides, we know now that the 'Revolution', even when it 'succeeds', tends to betray itself.

Debray stops short of such an admission, but the shadow of it hangs over everything he writes, whether as polemicist (*Revolution in the Revolution?*), historian (the two parts of *A Critique of Arms*) or novelist. At a certain stage in *Undesirable Alien* the hero, Frank, is despatched to a secret meeting with the Party leader Joaquim, who has recently escaped from prison. Joaquim patiently explains why the Party must now change course:

> We have got to deal with the immediate danger; we must save the Party . . . The fractionalists and left-wing opportunists are doing their best to break up the Party . . . It's not a question of *abandoning* the armed struggle . . . just of acquiring the means to carry it on . . .

Frank protests:

> Don't the militants in the Front get any say? All your allies, the people who've followed you, the men who've gone off to the *sierra*, all the hundreds of people in the underground . . . are they supposed to change tack completely – start marching with banners, and demand handouts and subsidies from the town council?

Finally, however, Frank accepts the abrupt change of course: he doesn't like it, he doesn't embrace it, but he does accept it. Why? Because – and the reflection that follows would surely be impossible in a Malraux hero – he accepts that 'personal equations have no place in political algebra: a leader has to think in terms of class bases and alliances and the balance of forces'. Joaquim had merely been relentlessly honest and totally practical.

Debray's novel reflects the passage of 40 years in another respect: artistic self-consciousness (of which Debray has his fair share, together with various other forms of self-consciousness) now rejects a novel cast in the 19th-century realist mould: setting, character, sequence, action, meaning. Although Debray distrusts the artistic avant-garde in its role as frivolous courtesan to bourgeois individualism, the modernist movement inevitably taps him on the shoulder and reminds him that a work of literature is an artefact, a fiction, a fabrication. He therefore avoids the conventional narrative form while simultaneously eschewing any tendency to obscurity, to immolate outer reality in the fires of a tormented individual consciousness. It is a pleasure to read him: one always knows exactly what he is saying.

His central character, sometimes the object of a third-person narrative, sometimes the first-person subject of a chronicle or diary, is a curiously exemplary hero, almost a model of honesty, dedication, calmness, courage, loyalty and self-control. In no way is Frank, the Swiss revolutionary, meant to be a self-portrait of Debray, but it is perhaps a central weakness in the novel that Frank's multiple virtues render him a mere cipher for the author's own views and visions.

Like other European political missionaries, Frank has built up his Latin American dream from afar. Catapulted by Marquez and Carpentier, he finds himself like a 'little paper pellet', bouncing on a continent without depth, memories or history. Debray's extraordinary descriptive gifts are manifest in his evocation of the hard, flat, modern city in which Frank, comrade and stranger, participant and outsider, has for two years served a revolution similar to that pursued by the Tupamaros in Uruguay:

> Car chassis, glass-fronted buildings, glossy black road surfaces, and the sun burning down: the cold metal everywhere served only to intensify the heat. It was as though anything earthy (wood, leaves, country smells, leather, fur), anything suggestive of life and its origins, must be kept at arm's length . . . A city with no past, no monuments; its history was no sooner made than it was effaced, in an incessant tearing to pieces . . . an artificial vitality in perpetual crisis that ill concealed its true secret – the sense of meaninglessness that threatened to overwhelm it.

Here, then, is the local subsidiary organ of the great, universal Empire of the North, the kind of capital where the President checks out his decisions with the American Ambassador. Debray, disciple of Castro and Guevara, no longer eulogises the armed guerrilla *foco* as the luminously pure and supremely efficient general staff of the revolution, but his heart still lies in the *sierra* and the jungles:

> A sleeping man can be reduced to a slimy puddle in a day – the jungle seems to digest him. It doesn't kill things; it just swallows them up. The plants live a kind of fermenting animal life; the liana creeps, the moss is crawling with movement, tree-trunks and leaves prick and bite and gnaw and salivate, devouring each other (and you in the process) in a deafening silence . . . When you're there you see that people are really just mushrooms on legs, a kind of walking fungus . . . I'll never forget the time my arse was burrowed into by something once – they became caterpillars in time, and then chrysalises, and three weeks later Goro – our doctor – devised an exit for them by widening the holes they'd dug in my skin – agonising, without anaesthetic! – and a swarm of blue and yellow butterflies flew out of my backside.

It is a great merit of Debray's writing, and of his imagination, that he never allows 'the Revolution' to ossify on the page into a lifeless pattern of abstractions. His sense of detail, his sharp eye, his feelings for people, allow him as a novelist to engage in passages of speculation which complement rather than compete with his human flesh. This is a quality he shares with Malraux – though his dialogue is not quite of the same standard – just as he shares Malraux's gift for rivetingly exact portraits of men in combat, men trapped at the limits of their physical and moral capacities.

*The Revolution on Trial*, now published as an original paperback at a slightly inflated price, is more conventionally historical and less theoretical than the first part of *A Critique of Arms*. The bulk of the narrative is devoted to the abortive revolutionary movements in Venezuela, Guatemala and Uruguay (the Tupamaros). What Debray sees in common in these three movements, justifying their juxtaposition, is that in no other countries have underground movements come so close to their goal of overthrowing the bourgeois state and seizing power. The final crisis became possible, imminent and plausible, he argues, under the impact of urban or rural guerrilla warfare.

Final crisis? The bourgeois state is real, yes, and it can be overthrown (Castro), yes, but in overthrowing it one merely proceeds to new crises of a different order, not necessarily less severe. Debray knows this but cannot afford to allow himself more than a passing nod to such subversive knowledge: unlike Malraux, he will not embrace apostasy.

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Paul Addison

# Fawlty Powers

**The War Diaries of Oliver Harvey 1941-1945**
edited by John Harvey *Collins* £10

Oliver Harvey was a career diplomat who threw himself without a blush into the role of a political *éminence grise*. The first volume of his diaries caused a mild sensation by revealing Harvey's efforts in 1938 to spring Anthony Eden into the premiership. For the period covered by this second volume Harvey was once again Eden's Private Secretary and chief confidant at the Foreign Office, eagerly discussing with him each ministerial reshuffle, and putting him right on political tactics. Harvey admired Churchill but was always anticipating the day when his own master would step into the old man's shoes. 'It looks to me problematical whether PM will survive the course,' he wrote in August 1941. 'His health may fail – his headstrong qualities may outweigh his great abilities and he may have to go if we are to win the war.' Just before the fall of Singapore Harvey noted: 'Long talk with A.E. today about the future. I tell him he must be prepared to take over. I think he is.'

Churchill survived and Harvey's calculations turned towards the building up of Eden as the leader of post-war Britain. He urged Eden to work for a Centre Party of Labour and Conservative reformers which would leave the Communists to provide the opposition. He warned of the danger that Churchill would steal all the limelight in foreign affairs. Eden listened and obviously enjoyed the flattery, but even when groomed into perfect condition for the starting line he could be temperamental and bolt. In 1943 he wanted to give up the race and become Viceroy of India. For weeks Harvey was on the edge of despair, organising relays of Eden's cronies to stiffen his resolve.

Harvey no doubt looked forward to the power he could one day hope to enjoy as the intimate of a Prime Minister, but this was not his main driving force. Like many an honourable country gentleman before him, Harvey deeply suspected the upper classes of corruption and folly; for honesty and virtue he turned, a little romantically, towards 'the forces of democracy'. Harvey detested all those who had appeased Hitler, and still more the Pétains and Lavals who collaborated with him. The American policy of partiality to Vichy filled him with disgust and he championed De Gaulle, knowing him to be an impossible egotist, as representing 'the best of France – the masses, labour, peasants, youth'. A little shaken by 36 toasts at the Kremlin, Harvey was impressed by the simplicity and quietness of Stalin, and wrote of Russia as a country 'at the dawn of freedom and enlightenment'. Of George VI and his wife he wrote uncharitably: 'The King is fundamentally a weak character and certainly a rather stupid one. The Queen is a strong one out of a rather reactionary stable.' He was unusually critical too of the US. 'I can't bear the typical Southern attitude towards the negroes. It is a great ulcer on the American civilisation and makes nonsense of half their claims.' With all his beliefs in a 'clean war' and 'a definite democratic crusade', Harvey backed Eden as the embodiment of decency and progress.

Eden of course looked the part: handsome, wholesome, virile, and impeccably free of dust or dirt. Yet foreign policy is inherently a dirty business, involving as it sometimes must the protection of national interests through compromise with inhuman regimes, or even a deliberate effort to strengthen them. Eden sold out to Stalin at Yalta almost as Chamberlain had to Hitler at Munich, but Harvey was unconscious of the fact and unfortunately has nothing to say about the secret agreement, now so controversial, for the repatriation of Russian PoWs. Nor do the diaries let any other cats out of the bag. Perhaps the Foreign Office in wartime was not a very interesting place. Instead we hear the familiar heavy tread on the stairs of the exiled French and Polish politicians, quarrelling as violently among themselves as with their British hosts.

Yet Harvey does take us nearer to the mystery of Anthony Eden, the perfect young Foreign Secretary who 20 years later destroyed himself as Prime Minister. Looking back over his career we can see that a fatal bee was already buzzing around in his bonnet in the 1930s when he felt compelled to make a stand against appeasement. A neurotic man struggling hard to control himself, Eden in the depths was the over-bullied, over-sensitive boy who eventually over-reacts against his tormentors. He resigned in 1938 because he


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could not take any more needling from Chamberlain or Mussolini: to a puzzled House of Commons he could offer no convincing explanation of his conduct. Churchill, who loved to dominate glamorous young men, adopted him as a son and treated him like one. Eden seethed with frustration but knew that rebellion was fruitless. India attracted him because it would offer an escape from the attentions of the fatherly old tyrant at home, for as he confessed to Harvey: 'I should love to have a show of my own.' In 1955, after another decade and more of submission, he was finally given his own show and, thinking he had found a bully he could thrash, lost all control of his aggression: screaming at the Egyptians about Hitler and Mussolini, he ended his career as a Basil Fawlty on a murderous scale.

**Roland Oliver**

# Ujamaa

**North of South: An African Journey** by SHIVA NAIPAUL *Deutsch* £6.50

In 1976 Shiva Naipaul spent 20 weeks in Kenya and Tanzania, concluding with a brief dash down the Great North Road to Zambia in the company of a party of trekking hippies. He does not seem to have been well prepared for his journey nor to have met anyone of much consequence while he was there. The story is mostly one of chance conversations in aeroplanes, buses, taxis, customs posts and, above all, hotel bars. All this is told with a great deal of novelist's sparkle, a power of vivid description and of characterisation through reported dialogue, which will not endear Mr Naipaul to his many acquaintances when his book comes into their hands. For example, the sozzled white manager of the hotel at N—, who periodically interrupts the barside conversation of his black clientele with shouts of 'Liar'. Or the black divorcée chatelaine of a former white estate, whose 'long finger-nails, painted scarlet, were studded with constellations of tiny blue and yellow stars', who complains that, thanks to Africanisation, there was not a single decent girls' boarding-school left in the country.

On the whole, Mr Naipaul's book is more informative about touts and tourists, pimps and prostitutes, than about the national and international politics of the East African countries. He makes it quite clear that he has no admiration for Uhuru, whether capitalist-style in Kenya or socialist-style in Tanzania, but the evidence for both is disappointingly thin. So far as Tanzania is concerned, one must be a little sympathetic about the real difficulties placed in the way of would-be observers and the extreme reluctance of ordinary people to hold any converse with strangers. There is a brilliant vignette of an ideological 'dialogue' held in a Dar-es-Salaam publishing office, during which Naipaul was informed that 'only authors representing the rising class, the proletariat, can see any future or meaning in life'. And another of an interview with an official of the Ministry of Culture who assured him that a visit to an *ujamaa* village would not be at all interesting – 'just people planting'. A permit, grudgingly issued, was accompanied by the information that rail travel to Dodoma was fully booked for the next six weeks. One suspects that Naipaul is right in pointing to the contradiction whereby 'the *ujamaa* ideal of love and brotherhood . . . is promoted by firing the homes and crops of obstinate peasants who refuse to give up their ways and move to the new villages'. But it is unsatisfactory that this has to be inferred from subjective impressions of 'cowering' citizens facing customs inspection at the frontier, from Rumanian buses and empty shelves in the shops, and from the periodic failure of air-conditioning in five-star hotels in the capital.

Kenya, however, is another matter. There is freedom of travel. There is, as Mr Naipaul's stories show, considerable freedom of speech. He could, and should, have looked beneath the surface and examined the basis of the capitalist economy, the inter-tribal situation and the prospects for the future. Instead of this, all we get is a blisteringly callow analysis of the black-white alliance against the brown.

> The European starts with an immense advantage: the African's longing to be absorbed, to lose himself in the white man's world . . . Beyond all else, the slave yearns to be like the master . . . The sophisticated magic of the white man remains irresistibly alluring to the black. Transistor radios and cassette recorders have taken the place of glass beads and mirrors . . . Are there any moral distinctions to be drawn between a chief who, in order to satisfy his lust for brandy, sells his own people into slavery and the contemporary politician who, coveting a Mercedes Benz, embezzles the funds of a charity set up to help orphan children?

These are generalisations as wild as any which he reports from the lips of his expatriate informants, and even if one supposed for a moment that they might have relevance for Kenya, they would be at once exploded by the author's own observations of Tanzania.

It would be only natural to expect that Mr Naipaul, himself a Trinidadian of Indian descent, should have a sharp and compassionate eye for the predicament of the Asian communities in East Africa. In fact it proves not particularly compassionate. We meet a Sikh from Britain trying to get his mother out of Tanzania. We meet a lawyer in Nairobi, still doing well, but afraid to use his Mercedes, and sure that, even as a Kenya citizen, he will one day have to pack up and leave. We meet an innkeeper at Ngorongoro, still managing the hotel of which he was once the owner, his family scattered as migrants over the face of the earth, but himself too set in his ways to move. We meet a wise old Gujerati merchant in Mombasa who says, 'You people who went out to the West Indies mixed up. Here we did not do that. We kept to ourselves. We held aloof.' That, as Mr Naipaul agrees, is probably the nub of the matter. There is also the economic dimension, that the East African Asians did most of the jobs which the urbanised Africans aspired to, and did them too efficiently to be displaced by straight competition. But economics were reinforced by community. 'The caste-bound Indian', says Mr Naipaul,

> is not so much a racist as a communalist . . . The Indian in East Africa brought India with him and kept it inviolate . . . The African had no place within the restricted confines of his tiny universe.

These are probably the wisest sentences in a witty but not very wise book.

**Peter Conrad**

# Tones of Fear

**A Pacifist's War** by FRANCES PARTRIDGE *Hogarth Press* £5.95

In the first world war, the human imagination was one of the combatants. As Paul Fussell has demonstrated, it was a literary war, which those participating interpreted as a bellicose epic, a chivalric romance, or a ravaged pastoral. When in 1939 the catastrophe occurred a second time, the imagination was more reluctant to be enticed into the affray. This was a war to which literature conscientiously objected. Aldous Huxley refused on philosophical principle to bear arms in defence of the state; Christopher Isherwood, living at the time in a Quaker college, agreed to serve in a medical corps or a forestry camp, but flinched from weaponry; Virginia Woolf killed herself in protest at the protracted psychological misery of the fight. Among the literary pacifists was Ralph Partridge, a Bloomsbury hanger-on who had been traumatised by his experience of the trenches and in 1939 refused to 'take lessons in murder'. He remained in Wiltshire with his wife, billeting refugees, entertaining poetasters ('Stracheys, Bells, Desmond MacCarthys, David Cecils, Raymond Mortimer, Garnetts,' as the blurb breathlessly gabbles), listening to music and thinking about the 18th century. *A Pacifist's War* is Frances Partridge's journal of those years.

The war is now remembered festively, as an exercise in communal co-operation and a victory over the stultifications of social class. The Partridges experienced it differently, as a time of anxious, defensive introversion. Pater had taught Bloomsbury the solipsistic duty of sensitive perception: imprisoned in a frail and accident-prone body, we must train ourselves to respond intensely to the fluid momentary mess of experience. The war confirmed this impressionistic self-incarceration. Historical disaster prompts the Partridges to 'fasten powers of satisfaction on to small sensual things, pots of cyclamen, the shine on holly berries and cats' fur, the texture of materials'. Life for them had come to resemble a Bloomsbury painting of solid domestic objects or a Virginia Woolf essay magnifying a stray detail of perception and obscuring the ampler world beyond: 'the foreground has in fact become all-important, leaving the vast grim background to fade into chaos.'

Mrs Partridge accepted the war at first as an aesthetic trial, a test of her capacity for vivid perception, since it challenged her to derive pleasure from tedium, inconvenience and quiet despair. However, as the war drags endlessly on, the alert, receptive sensibility sags into fatigue and morbidity. The Pateresque solitary, redeeming the world by refracting its disorder through 'the narrow chamber of the individual mind', is, it becomes clear, a distraught neurotic. The Partridges, despite their disengagement, suffer their own psychological version of the war. History is now a succession of personal maladies. The blitz is a prolonged 'toothache gnawing away at life and spirits' or a stealthy, sinister cancer. Bomb-

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sites are wounds, or dental caries. Damage to St Paul's is a symbolic, Shandyean castration – 'it is the Nose of London's familiar face (and everyone knows what noses stand for)' – or a leprous decomposition of the flesh: 'it's disgusting to think of that familiar face being destroyed piecemeal'. The theatre of war is nauseously internal; the bombs and fires light up 'a landscape of isolated hillocks of knobby egotisms'.

Because the war was a clinical condition (even the expectation of peace in 1944 turns the Partridges into 'people in the waiting-room of a hospital while a life or death operation goes on'), its strategists are doctors not soldiers; the Partridges made careful inquiries about suicide drugs to be used in case of an invasion, and asked a medical friend to prescribe a poison. The Woolfs had planned to gas themselves in their garage when the Germans landed. A friend of Gerald Brenan's, Mrs Partridge reports, shot his wife because she refused to sign a suicide pact, as if punishing her for some offence against military honour: the better part of valour is now ritual self-extinction.

Roosevelt interpreted the war existentially, telling Americans they had nothing to fear but fear itself. For the Partridges, the war exposes the mind to a disabling terror: a friend admits to feeling more frightened by the bombing 'than she would have believed possible, and flung herself on the floor trembling all over'. A residual existential grace may be salvaged by confronting this fear: Mrs Partridge commends this friend because 'her "tone" about her own fear is the best I've yet struck'. The existential hero is an honest, self-scourging coward. Fear even poisons the peace, because the most invidious of existential afflictions is what Erich Fromm called the fear of freedom. The war comfortably regimented existence; peace demanded a renewal of personal will. Alix Strachey therefore dreaded the end of restrictions because freedom demanded a dizzying, suicidal leap of faith: 'Just think of the appalling responsibility of having to *choose* how one's life is to be led!'

The tormented Partridges were sustained by art. Their war-work was the composition of NEW STATESMAN reviews: he wrote about crime fiction, she did children's books. But the war had conscripted language, which was befouled by propaganda, and the trust of the Partridges therefore passed to music, the art in which you can't tell lies. The abstract formal satisfactions of music were therapeutic. Its harmonic adjustments and reconciliations of key symbolised, Ralph Partridge said, the reassuring solution of one's own personal disquiets. Frances Partridge considered the string quartet to be a model for the constitution of society. Personal relations should be conducted like chamber music, which needs 'constant attention of each part to all the others'. The war is merely anarchic atonal noise, and therefore inimical to music: at one stage in the diary the Pastoral Symphony is interrupted by the 'loud but distant CRUMP' of an air-raid. Later on, music is abruptly silenced when the lights go out: a guest 'had been listening to Beethoven's C sharp minor quartet on the gramophone, and the sudden extinction of the music was more startling than the stoppage of light'. The Partridges cherish the touching faith that music can disinfect the moral character: 'Chamberlain could *not* be wicked because he had a passion for Beethoven's last quartets.' Their reclusive aestheticism protects them not only from history but from the demonic truths about art later proclaimed by George Steiner: the commandants of concentration camps also played chamber music, to refresh themselves after a day spent incinerating Jews. Cultivating their genteel ineffectualness, treasuring their neurasthenic intensity, the Partridges failed to understand the war; but the plaintiveness of their incomprehension makes *A Pacifist's War* a significant document.

**David Lodge**

# Ambassadorial

**The Novels of Henry James: A Study of Culture and Consciousness** by BRIAN LEE *Arnold* £5.50

When I was about 16 and just becoming seriously interested in literature, I picked up from somewhere the idea that Henry James was a novelist I ought to know about; so I went along to the public library and selected a volume at random. It was *The Sacred Fount,* an unfortunate introduction to the Master, probably the rummest book he ever wrote: the tortuously oblique, allusive and self-doubting narrative of a man at a country-house party who gets obsessed with the idea that a couple of his fellow guests are feeding vampirically on the vitality of their sexual partners. I found it almost unintelligible and it killed my curiosity in the author for some years. Then, as an undergraduate, I took a course in modern literature for which James was a set author, and read nearly all his novels and novellas (except *The Sacred Fount)* in chronological order – a demanding but immensely rewarding and educative experience.

As an undergraduate, I should have found Mr Lee's briskly comprehensive survey useful, but a lot of critical water has passed under the bridge since the early 1950s – and some of it, one can't help thinking, over Mr Lee's head. With Anglo-American discussion of James he is thoroughly familiar, but, remaining within its terms of reference, he cannot find anything very original to say in only 117 pages. His book might be described as a commonsense critique of the more extravagant interpretations of James as a kind of philosophical allegorist, and a modestly revisionist version of F. R. Leavis's account of James in *The Great Tradition.* Whereas Leavis preferred the earlier James to the later – the moralist of culture to the virtuoso of consciousness – Mr Lee makes a tripartite division of the oeuvre: (1) early novels on the International Theme, such as *The Europeans, The Bostonians* and *Portrait of a Lady,* which are informed by a profound questioning of the concept of civilisation, but are sometimes technically flawed or self-indulgent; (2) experimental works of the middle period, like *The Spoils of Poynton, What Maisie Knew* and *The Awkward Age,* in which 'slight themes were made to bear a weight of over-complex, baroque fictional designs'; and (3) the major late novels in which James's new fictional techniques are turned triumphantly upon the morally weighty themes of his early work.

Mr Lee thus celebrates what Leavis regretted – the process by which James transformed himself from a practitioner of the classic 19th-century novel into the first modern master of English fiction; but he does so without fundamentally challenging the Leavisian norms of novelistic achievement or, to my mind, grasping what is distinctively modern about the late James. His characteristic strategy is to argue that the obliquities and symmetrical patterning of the late novels, deplored by Leavis and others, in fact serve the purposes of a profound, wise, humane and identifiable authorial value-system, and to concede James's failure when this value system cannot be fully recuperated from the text. Thus the one flaw in *The Ambassadors,* according to Mr Lee, is the fact that Chad's motivation remains ultimately enigmatic, as is evidenced by the disagreement of critics about this aspect of the novel's conclusion. On the other hand, he will not allow that there could be anything morally dubious about Maggie's motivation in *The Golden Bowl.* In short, whenever there is a wide variety of interpretation among James's critics, Mr Lee feels that either they or James must be at fault, and that the issue must be resolved in favour of one party or the other.

But a good deal of criticism has been written in recent years, especially from the perspective of European formalism and structuralism (I think particularly of Tzvetan Todorov, Christine Brooke-Rose and Shlomith Rimmon) which has identified ambiguity, plurality of interpretation, as the defining quality of James's mature work, the inevitable and willed consequence of his shift from the authorial manner of the early fiction to the presentation of experience from the point of view of more or less fallible and unreliable narrators/perceivers, and the key to his 'modernity'. (It is certainly the only way to make sense of *The Sacred Fount.*) This way of reading James finds no reflection in Mr Lee's study, and though he begins one chapter by deploring naïvely representational theories of fiction, he hardly offers anything much more sophisticated himself. Readers who have convinced themselves that English criticism has nothing to learn from structuralism will, however, probably find *The Novels of Henry James* more satisfying; and students reading James in the context of American Studies will find it a useful guide to the long-running debate about the cultural origins of his imaginative vision.

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Zahir Jamal

# Captain Blood

**D. H. Lawrence: Critical Studies on the Major Novels and Other Writings** edited by A. H. Gomme *Harvester Press* £11.50

The need to inquire who they really are seems firmly upon the English once more. Its influence on literary discourse includes a new attentiveness to authors reckoned to hold important clues. Hardy, Kipling, Auden, Orwell and Waugh are only five writers to have benefited from recent efforts to locate the nation's truant psyche. The revaluations accumulate but there is, it seems, no very great tradition. So it must have struck the contributors to the present volume; for their perception of 'the peculiarly English quality' of D. H. Lawrence is as emphatic as their regard for the 'tireless championship' of their man by 'the greatest critic of our age', F. R. Leavis.

It is tempting to adapt something Kingsley Amis once wrote and observe that the detection in Lawrence of Sinhalese or Ghanaian qualities would presumably be more than even the 'experienced university teachers and published critics' of this collection could manage. To do so, however, would merely be to start an old and pointless quarrel between versions of Englishness. The sample promoted here will, in any case, be readily identified as a collage of sweepings from the old block. Lawrence is once more recommended as a truer thinker than Bertrand Russell, a deeper feeler than virtually everyone else, the vital enemy of the machine, vulgarity, deadness and false delicacy, a creative exponent of the language, the spontaneous, responsive hero of an embattled but essential tradition of values. The impression that a clean-shaven Lawrence and Dr Leavis would have been interchangeable is not, of course, altogether fanciful. It results from the selective moulding of the features of texts into that familiar, near-mythic mien, the duteous and self-appreciating exercise for which this criticism is often the pretext.

Of the awkward side to Lawrence, inevitably, little or nothing comes through. His insatiable hunger for moral prestige, his uncritical faith in the potentialities of 'blood', caprice and natural selection, his contempt for the weak, the deprived and the disabled, his potty theorising and his pitiable ignorance of large reaches of the society it pleased him to consign to hell; such considerations rarely intrude. Imperfections, where noticed, turn out to be untypical, allowable or virtues in disguise. There is something 'fiercely salutary', offers G. R. Strickland, 'in the positive unhelpfulness of Mellors's (and Lawrence's) considered opinion of modern English life'. Mellors's positive unhelpfulness, it will be recalled, includes not only the view that industrial society ought simply to be wiped away but also the conviction that he personally should be allowed to shoot those of its members, like Clifford, whom he despises. Meanwhile, he speculates, the wearing of red trousers should help: 'if men had fine, red legs, that alone would change them in a month.'

Unanimity about their champion's stature does not, however, prevent these critics from occasionally nullifying their separate findings. It has occurred to Ian Robinson that a major inconvenience in urging the virtues of Lawrence's books is that even highly experienced university teachers and extensively published critics find their repetitive prose wearing. But Lawrence needs repetition, argues Robinson, for those rhythmic effects which give his writing its 'air of following the experience'. We should admire a style which enacts 'the developing impulses' in a scene with such fidelity. On the other hand, Jacques Berthoud demonstrates that what distinguishes *The Rainbow* is Lawrence's bold 'exhaustive method'. Increasingly, the style aims to get at 'the whole mass of inarticulate instincts, pressures and currents that precedes and underlines conscious feelings'. But if in choosing to express the preconscious, Lawrence in effect opted to write about things for which language has no model, to what are the rhythmic repetitions faithful? The style cannot really have 'the air of following the experience'. It can only have airs, and in the dark. Most readers arrive at this impression of Lawrence's 'pulsing, frictional to-and-fro' unprompted; but it takes one of these critics to knock his fellow out for the point to sink in here.

Appropriately enough, then, the only essays that convince – those by A. H. Gomme and H. M. Daleski – have negative implications. Gomme is troubled by the way *Sons and Lovers* never seems to give Miriam a chance. By fudging his narration so that it often merges with his characters' voices, Lawrence ensures that Paul's biased view of Miriam seems everywhere justified. Not quite craftily enough, however, for there remains 'a tension between conscious aim and concrete truth' that gives the game away. A book which provokes major arguments between what it says and what it shows would ordinarily be considered radically flawed; but Gomme wants us to look on *Sons and Lovers* differently. It is 'a remarkable work of genius' precisely because 'Lawrence is so closely identified with Paul that the tension in the writing becomes the natural expression of the partial paralysis and blindness of the hero'. The trouble with accepting this defence is that it entails the view that what happens to Paul is more important than what becomes of Miriam. That Lawrence probably took this view is only an added reason for rejecting it. But a deeper objection to Gomme's complacency is that it glosses over a fundamental cause of unease about Lawrence, his inability to synchronise his judgment with his sympathies. A discrepancy between 'telling' and 'showing' is a recurrent feature of his prose. In the novels it is what regularly engenders those notorious uncertainties of portraiture: Walter Morel, Ursula Brangwen, Birkin and Mellors. Whether an inability to think and feel simultaneously is a peculiarly English trait or not, it inevitably diminishes a writer frequently recommended for his incomparable sensibility.

There are no surprises in H. M. Daleski's guarded account of male dominance in the 'Ladybird' tales. Reacting against the sticky compromises of romantic love, Lawrence came to feel that women should simply collapse before 'the power-soul in man'. This unfeeling line of non-thought led eventually to *The Plumed Serpent*, where the woman's submission is not complete until she voluntarily forgoes her orgasm. Daleski can bring himself to tolerate this phase of Lawrence's career only by reminding himself that the writer was in transit towards 'a less questionable form of sexual fulfilment' in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. It is true that the relationship between Connie and Mellors represents an improvement over the one arranged for Count Dionys and Daphne (how could it have been a worsening of it?); but since much of Mellors's time is spent expressing dissatisfaction with life, we may doubt if he regards the new deal as an unequivocal success. About the equivocal success of D. H. Lawrence, this volume of special pleading has nothing helpful to say at all.

Jeremy Bugler

# Macro-Points

**Windscale Fallout: A Primer for the Age of Nuclear Controversy** by IAN BREACH *Penguin* 90p

'The most important hearing since the trial of Galileo' was the pondered judgment of one academic, returning from Cumbria last year after listening to a public inquiry into an application under section 23 of the Town and Country Planning Act (1971). A little ethnocentric perhaps, but it conveys the feeling that the Windscale inquiry was very much more than an investigation into a plan for 'a plant for reprocessing irradiated oxide nuclear fuels and support site services'. It was essentially the first public examination of nuclear power in what is alleged to be a mature democracy, adept at scrutiny. Ian Breach was the most attentive of the reporters covering the inquiry, filing daily for the *Financial Times* and weekly for *New Scientist*.

The nature of Mr Justice Parker's report has placed an additional onus on Breach: in the space of only four months it has become discredited, and is now seen as a farrago of distortions and misrepresentations; on an intellectual level it might be set beside the remark of the Ulster Protestant judge who in 1937 said of a murdered man, 'He was a catholic, and therefore liable to assassination'. The need now is all the greater for serious and open-minded writing about nuclear power, an issue, one suspects, where many intelligent people still find themselves adrift. People who would be mortified at being unable to distinguish the Krondstadt from the Commune may yet unashamedly admit that they don't know the difference between fission or fusion, or enrichment and reprocessing. Two-cultured, we may benefit from a fair-minded guide to the Windscale issues that encourages thought, accepts paradox and ambiguity, and asks the broad questions. By and large, Breach has provided this: *Windscale Fallout* gives pause to both the advocates and opponents of nuclear power. It is well-written, intelligent and provoking.

It raises and explores the central stage questions of nuclear power, and will be valued most of all for its philosophical toughness. Breach eschews the easy way out of ascribing nuclear power's ascendancy in Whitehall to simple conspiracy. Taking the Department of

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Energy's well-known inability to think without a reactor dome image on the brain, Breach writes: 'The official books may not be cooked, exactly, but they are prepared in a shadow: if nuclear strategies are *not* the right ones, then we have been wasting billions in money and manpower.' Reflecting the high quality of so many submissions made to Parker, he explores most intelligently the question of the social impact of modern technologies.

Parker, who was given broad evidence that technologies are *not* neutral, and may centralise and de-skill, used the techniques well described by Breach as 'micro-responses to macro-points'. Breach rescues the crucial issues of surveillance and civil liberties from Parker's nihilism and counters the bland scientist-knows-best assertions of the Atomic Energy Authority by quoting the economist Samuel Butler: 'The public may not yet know enough to be experts but they know enough to choose between them.' A lot of material that Parker denied the public is available here.

In his final chapters, Breach reveals a grim pessimism about the nuclear future. The ideal many people now seek, he suggests, is a society which does not 'go backwards' but combines the desirable features of the past and the present – a conserving attitude to resources alongside emancipated social policies. But he fears this choice may never come on offer because nuclear energy will simply be needed. The Third World will demand it and 'It will be seen every bit as imperialistic to advocate industrial moderation and nuclear caution as it has been to sequester poor countries' resources in exchange for the consumer society's technological beads.' The news from the United States runs against this line of thought: it indicates that nuclear power is on the retreat not because it is nasty or dangerous or 'techno-fascist', but simply because it is uneconomic, too big, too fallible, bad at its job. It is typical of Breach's honesty to end on a conclusion he patently does not desire, but things may not be as bad as that. As he points out, any list of the unfashionable 'alternative energies' 40 years ago would not have included nuclear power.

## This English

**For openers, a fine yob's pronoun – and more hot faces in the Street of Shame. Then two roving appositions (at its best, the roving apposition always conjures up a delightful satirical fantasy) and a very nasty 'coinage'. £3 for the first entry, £2 for the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

☐ Us from the working class have had to make it totally on our own... But if I'd had a proper education and gone to university, would I have become editor of the *Daily Express*? **Derek Jameson** *Daily Express* (E. Ship)

☐ The society decided not to prosecute the owners of the Windsor Safari Park, where animals, have allegedly been fed live to snakes and lions, on legal advice. *Guardian* (D. P. Maw)

☐ Mr Edmund Dell, Trade Secretary, confirmed that the five British Airways Concordes had developed cracks in reply to a written question from Mr Hugh Jenkins (Lab., Putney). *Financial Times* (Marion Gordon)

☐ What better time than during the thirtieth anniversary celebrations of the founding of the NHS for everyone to work together for the benefit of patients as well as for those who work in the service which to coin Mr Ennal's (*sic*) phrase is still the envy of the world. *Royal College of Nursing Standard* (Rachel M. Simpson)

**Jeremy Treglown**

# Fleering Frupe

**Switchback** by MOLLY PARKIN *W. H. Allen* £3.95
**The Bad Sister** by EMMA TENNANT *Gollancz* £4.95
**A Heavy Feather** by A. L. BARKER *Hogarth Press* £5.50

After the *nouveau roman*, the *nouvelle grammaire*. *Switchback* looks at first like just another piece of badly-written comic pornography, until you realise that Molly Parkin has outdone Robbe-Grillet, undermining traditional assumptions not about art and reality, but about the structure of language itself. It's a stealthy, subversive process that could easily be mistaken for mere carelessness – words missing here and there, confusions of grammar, especially between singular and plural, a dense coating of clichés, and so on. Then suddenly, these devices come together in one bold anti-sentence: 'she viewed herself with the lack of vanity to any professional whose appearance is part and parcel of their work.' It's a stylistic coup that comes soon after what at the time seems no more than a misprint – the word *midmight* – but is revealed by the ensuing intricacies as a richly ambiguous coinage, with all its tentativeness and moderation, its hypothetical intermediacy. Another, similarly witty, apparent *faute d'imprimerie* soon follows, adding a vein of ingenious mimesis: 'June showed not a sign of any of these goings-on. these goings on.' And soon whole paragraphs begin to disintegrate voluptuously under the reader's eyes, the novel's grammatical disregard embodying the moral recklessness of its heroines, the randy identical twins whose adventures and exchanges are Parkin's ostensible subject: 'one person's grief was as same as the next'; or the exclamatory tautology, 'she had inadvertently forgotten to take her Pill!'

This anti-grammar is the negative prerequisite of a more positive achievement, which Parkin shares with Erica Jong: the replacement of outworn grammatical structures with a new sexual rhetoric. In *Switchback*, as in Parkin's and Jong's other fiction, *narratio* itself has become a series of sexual positions, and fellatio and cunnilingus are rhetorical tricks. George Puttenham seems to have half-anticipated all this in his sixteenth-century book of rhetoric (in fact, as is little known, a heavily coded sex-manual for courtiers) *The Arte of English Poesie*. It's all there, from '*Parenthesis*, or the Insertour' to '*Metastastis*, the Remove', via a number of familiar Jong/Parkin gambits – '*Syneciosis*, or the Crosse copling', '*Antistrophe*, or the Counter turne', '*Charietismus*, or the Privy nippe', even '*Micterismus*, or the Fleering frupe', which few people can have tried. Puttenham was too repressed, of course, to have taken his hints to their logically permissive conclusions. He would almost certainly have categorised most of *Switchback* under '*Parisia*, or the Licentious' and '*Asyndeton*, or the Loose langage'. But his terms help one to recuperate Parkin's fiction in all its rude chaos.

Puttenham can be handy for more conventional novels, too. Both Emma Tennant and A. L. Barker have more than a few touches of 'the vice called the mingle-mangle', though in both cases it's partly deliberate. Tennant's story concerns what looks from outside, from the point of view of the 'editor' whose observations open and close the book, like an illegitimate girl's revenge murder of her wealthy father and legitimate half-sister. From the inside, represented by Jane's own narrative, it's a story of schizophrenia and/or psychic possession, in which she relates indistinguishable memories and dreams of social and sexual humiliation, and in which particular characters divide and merge – her mother-in-law, for example (satirised with appealingly crisp malice in the more straightforward passages), sometimes blending with the witch-like Meg.

It's a difficult fiction to describe and a laborious one to read. The main problems are clear enough: obscurity, obviously, but also a failure to carry through the editorial device. (The editor is too often an ordinary narrator in disguise. How does he know what the other people were thinking about, for example? And why does he save up the discovery of Jane's corpse so novelistically until the end?) The illusion/reality issue, too, is both clichéd and over-worked, not least by making Jane a film critic and her husband a scriptwriter. All the same, the experiment has some rewards in addition to the more predictable successes of ironic characterisation and vivid settings. Jane's frantic, hallucinating mind is painfully well conveyed, and the whole story represents a moving, though helpless, gesture of sympathy towards the class and the sex Michael Dalzell, in his rich, decaying Scottish fastness, is seen exploiting and excluding.

A. L. Barker's novels have been praised for being 'oblique', 'quirky', 'bizarre', and those other adjectives that tend to turn out to mean pretentious and boring. Of course, any story that, like *A Heavy Feather*, takes its epigraph from Nietzsche and quotes T. S. Eliot on page one, will give some readers a brief, blinding desire to devote the rest of their lives to gardening and dominoes; but this one isn't as portentously literary as its beginning. It's composed of a number of distinct narrative units in the life of Almayer Jenkin, a plumber's daughter who becomes a private secretary, marries a successful businessman and gives birth to a brain-damaged child. The episodes are unconnected, and the point is clearly that the formal unity imposed by traditional novels on the events of a life and on 'character' itself is artificial and unreliable. Almayer's own character is indistinct and little affected by the events – themselves mostly shapeless – she has a part in. But none of this adds up to an interesting enough alternative mode of fiction in Barker's hands, and she is forced to rely on winsome, sub-Dickensian caricature and complacent oddity of incident:

> 'Isn't it a lovely day? A day for living!' Georgie took a flying leap over the boy still sitting on the kerb, causing him to crouch down with a startled snarl. 'I think I'll go to the river and get a boat and row all the way to the sea.'

I'll go along with the startled snarl.

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# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

## John Spurling

# The Dog and Coffin

**Great Victorian Pictures** *Royal Academy*
**Sir Charles Eastlake and the Victorian Art World** by DAVID ROBERTSON *Princeton University Press* £30
**And When Did You Last See Your Father?** by ROY STRONG *Thames and Hudson* £7.95

Charles Eastlake's is no longer a name to conjure with. Yet when his painting *Christ Lamenting Over Jerusalem* was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1841, the reviewers fell at the artist's feet. 'We cannot find words to express our admiration of this work – as near perfection as was ever a production of genius,' said the *Art Union*. The public agreed to such an extent that the late-coming *Blackwood's* reviewer couldn't find words either, since he was unable properly to see the 'universally admired' picture through the crowd. In the same year, Eastlake was made Secretary of the Fine Arts Committee (President: Prince Albert) which was to study 'the promotion of the fine arts of this Country in connexion with the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament'. The result was a competition for fresco designs illustrating British history, and thousands flocked to see the cartoons in Westminster Hall. Eastlake, a scholar, connoisseur and gentleman as well as painter, went on to become President of the Royal Academy and first Director of the National Gallery and did much through his easy contacts with royalty and other establishment figures both to enhance the social status of the Academy and to enrich the National Gallery collection – this at a time when a damaged Piero della Francesca could still be acquired for £241.10s.

Eastlake's own paintings now seem hopelessly anodyne. His career, however, as David Robertson demonstrates in his fascinating and painstakingly researched book, deserves to be looked at again. In art, as in so much else, in spite of determined efforts to laugh or spit in their faces, we are still in the shadow of those Victorian father-figures. Their latest claim on us, indeed, comes in a peculiarly insidious form: we are not to be overawed by their morality, their power, their energy, their intellect or their diligence, but by their popularity. The Arts Council's travelling exhibition, *Great Victorian Pictures*, which has now reached the Royal Academy, contains no great pictures at all and very few even good ones. It is a representative selection of great popular successes, the Victorian counterparts of *I, Claudius*, *The Forsyte Saga* and Dennis Potter.

The popular response to contemporary paintings actually began well before Victoria's reign, with Wilkie's *Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo* which, stirring memories of the war, had to be railed off at the 1822 Academy. Landseer's *The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner* (the famous dog and coffin), considered by Ruskin to be 'one of the most perfect poems or pictures ... which modern times have seen', was at the Academy in the year of the Queen's accession and is the earliest painting in the show. By 1862, four years after his success with *Derby Day*, W. P. Frith was being paid £750 on top of his commissioning fee of £4,500 (this was the year after Eastlake bought the Piero) not to show *The Railway Station* at the RA but at Flatow's gallery in the Haymarket, where 21,150 people paid for admission and many bought engravings into the bargain. *Derby Day*, like *Chelsea Pensioners*, had needed a railing, but the third most successful Academy picture of the century, Elizabeth Thompson's *The Roll Call* (1874), a Crimean episode, was given a policeman instead, since the honour of being railed off had become a cause of jealousy among Academicians.

There is no reason to sneer at the success of either Thompson or Frith. Both are masters of the wide-screen, large-cast action painting, both touch genuine if simple emotions. The exhausted muster of Grenadiers in *The Roll Call* and the exhilarating charge of Scots Greys in Thompson's later painting *Scotland For Ever!* still make the same direct patriotic appeal as *Henry V*, regardless of whether the scene is set in the Crimea, at Waterloo or Agincourt. Again, the details of *The Railway Station* are as period as those of *Bartholomew Fair*, but the vivid sense of individuality within the crowd, the virtuoso organisation of this momentarily opened ant-heap, make the painting a shared experience as well as a documentary record.

But unlike Jonson's play, and unlike other works by Frith himself, *The Railway Station* contains no moral comment, unless one counts the arrest by two detectives in frock coats and top-hats of a man about to step into the train. Roy Strong, in his characteristically enthusiastic but sometimes rather carelessly written book, finds many points of comparison between the age of Elizabeth I and that of Victoria. But in discussing the genesis, iconography and meaning of Victorian history-painting, and in sturdily calling for it to be revalued, he wisely avoids the main question of its quality as art. It is the Victorian painters' insistence on rubbing our noses in their stereotyped emotions and facile morality which makes most of these popular successes non-starters as works of art. Strong's book has an interesting final section in which he uncovers the contemporary significance of several of the history-painters' favourite themes: the princes in the tower represent a version of their obsession with 'the innocence and vulnerability of childhood', Lady Jane Grey is their sheltered child-woman and Mary Queen of Scots their ideal of 'the perfect Victorian gentlewoman'; while the Cavaliers and Roundheads stand for a more complicated nexus of ideas, including the ideal paterfamilias, confidence in democracy and evangelical morality. The moral and emotional inadequacy of these paintings, as compared with the writings of the Elizabethans or even of the Victorians themselves, is surely a direct reflection of the inadequacy of the Victorian middle-class grasp of reality.

The one unquestionably good painting in this show – Ford Madox Brown's *The Last of England* – is so because its moral and emotional content are deeply felt by the painter and freshly conveyed through the very structure of the painting, rather than offered as a kind of patent formula to give spiritual whiteness to an academic genre scene or landscape. The chief interest of most of these paintings lies precisely in their fakery, in what that reveals about the Victorians and what, if we still find ourselves half moved by their sickly banalities and wan borrowings from earlier masters, it reveals about us. If you hung one Rembrandt or Goya or Cézanne in this exhibition you would see the rest for the tinsel they are; but as it happens you only need to step into the embrasure where the RA's Michelangelo tondo is flanked by Millais' *Bubbles* and Anna Lea Merritt's *Love Locked Out*. There is no image so appropriate to the Victorian painters as that of the Lady of Shalott, her mirror and her curse.

# Theatre

## Benedict Nightingale

# Piggery – Jokery

**In at the Death** *Bush*
**Beyond a Joke** *Hampstead*

To judge by *In at the Death*, the art of revue has changed beyond recognition since the days when Peter Myers and Ronnie Cass trotted out knowing little numbers about the servant problem in Mayfair – or, indeed, since Jonathan Miller mimicked marshbirds in Ongar and Peter Cook jumped into a brown paper bag in hope of avoiding nuclear obliteration. A number of dramatists have been invited to react to a news item of his or her choice, and most have opted for the offbeat, the glum and even the ghoulish. Dusty Hughes sets the tone with a playlet about human carrion-crows whose hobby is to descend on disasters with camera and picnic-box, impeding the fire-engines, harassing the rescuers and hailing the like-minded ('oh, look, the Robinsons – you remember, Flixborough'); and Ron Hutchinson raises it to a still giddier level of piggery-jokery with a piece about dismemberment for gain in war-torn Belfast. This has its quota of predictable cracks – 'if you answer the door without your flak-jacket, you'll catch your death' – and it ends by resurrecting the gnarled old chestnut about the prot who turned pape on his deathbed because 'if anyone's got to go, it's better one of theirs than one of ours'. But there's a kind of grim fizz, likely to appeal to those who prefer their laughter bitter, in the central situation about an unemployed family which lops off segments of its compliant grand-da in order to get the insurance. 'Just pass me me

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legs and an arm,' he pleads from beneath the blankets. 'Or a leg and an arm. Oh, all right, one leg will do.'

Unluckily, the stunted torso's words could be metaphorically applied to the show as a whole. Most of the writers offer bits and pieces, odds and ends: a calcified foot here, a withered claw there. Ken Campbell is at his most desultory in a sketch based upon a paranoid evangelist who reportedly warned the good people of Zionsville, Indiana, that latter-day witches were plotting to take over America; Snoo Wilson at his least penetrable in a piece, vaguely derived from a newspaper story about subsidence in Swanningley, involving suburban rituals deep underground; and Nigel Baldwin's confrontation of cultures – Mancunian triviality versus Welsh darkness and depth – tends towards the pat and anecdotal. Apart from Hutchinson and Hughes, the only contributor to strike sparks in the prevailing gloom is Victoria Wood, who plumply accompanies some dry rhymes of her own composition, and then trundles out from behind her piano for a rambling but entertaining sketch about sexual and social mores in a branch library: 'have you anything on vegetarianism for the one-parent family?' If Miss Wood could learn to tighten her somewhat scattered aperçus, and sustain the resulting concentrate rather longer, she might well have a future as a comic dramatist, the first of her gender since Ann Jellicoe abandoned the theatre.

The very title of *Beyond a Joke* sounds mildly reverential, a verbal forelock duly tugged at the Cook-Miller foursome; and one particular number, in which a dilapidated politico drivels on about how 'Britain is facing the gravest crisis since 1380, and, you know, many of us still remember that', seems indebted to the clerical waffler famously invented by Alan Bennett. But it is rash to court comparisons like that. This hasn't the bite of the *Fringe* boys, still less the exoticism of the *Python* crowd, much as its creators might hope to blend the seminal imaginings of each. An Italian pimp, wheedling loot for his skin-show from impassive Arts Council heavies, turns out to be Peter Hall in disguise. A frantic diner, unable to keep the conversation going by other means, is reduced to reading his driving licence to his girl-friend. The Barclays Bank Amateur Operatic Society warbles and prances in what's meant to be a diverting way, and one member of it, for entirely obscure reasons, proceeds to deliver the 'to be' speech in sign language. The ideas, as you see, are pretty uneven. So is the execution.

Only one item succeeds, and that largely because of its performer. This is a class roll-call of numbing virtuosity – 'Carthorse, Dint, Elsworth-Beast, Loudhailer, Zob' – put across by a sour and sneering schoolmaster whose looks are, to say the least, unusual. Imagine a bug-eyed amalgam of Jonathan Miller and Marty Feldman. Whip up the hair with a cake-mix. Yank forward the nose. Pull out the lower lip, until it looks like a rubber dinghy on the point of launching itself into the void. The result is called Rowan Atkinson, one of those fortunate or unfortunate men who could not deliver a funeral oration or leap to his death from the fortieth storey without making the spectators snicker. Here he is almost embarrassingly better than his material: just give him a more lively script, and his maniac talent will flourish.

# Television

**Julian Barnes**

# Cute Angle

'One who has not seen a game of chess is in my opinion an unhappy person.' On the other hand, one who has not seen a programme about chess scripted by Paul Jennings is quite a happy person. Some months ago, Jennings fronted an irritating tribute to Karpov (author of the above quote) which tried to make a virtue of his admitted ignorance of the game; he talked of chess masters as 'real boffins', and found phrases for Karpov – 'this well-dressed faun with a mind like a steel trap' – which signalled pretty vigorously that, whatever else you might learn, the show wasn't going to teach you much about chess. For some reason, the fellow was allowed back to introduce the Karpov-Korchnoi world championship with the jauntily uninformative *Kings of the Castle* (BBC-2). Is the BBC so scared of chess as an 'intellectual' subject that it feels it needs a straining jokester as buffer? A faun last time round, Karpov now became first a 'gazelle' and then 'an intellectual leopard'; while his back-up team were held to be adding 'Soviet bear-strength' to his natural abilities. Small wonder that young Tolya appears to like being with animals; and a particularly stagey shot of him strolling among some very tame Friesians brought this insight from Jennings: 'After the strict artificiality of chess, the wild freedom of nature.'

Fortunately, Jennings vacated the soundtrack long enough for us to grab some impression of the two contestants. Karpov (who has, I can confirm, just the two legs) looks like a Slav Cruyff and comes on like a model Soviet sportsman, i.e. polite, modest, neatly attired and highly skilful. He is the one we want to lose, and is cast as a nerveless technocrat. Korchnoi has a sad clown's face with huge joke-shop ears, shambles around, and appears to be in the traditional chess-masterly condition of finely-tuned paranoia. He is the one we want to win because we think he represents the soaring yet fallible imagination. He also talks an endearingly lapsed version of English – 'I behave myself now like an angle'. 'I was acclaimed as a traitor to my country' – whereas the young faun talks English with the mind of a steel trap.

The nerve warfare of the match was readily apparent (I liked the comment from William Hartston in BBC-2's excellent *World Chess Championship Report* on Korchnoi's protest at his opponent's elevenses: 'I thought the yoghurt was quite brilliant: no one's complained about yoghurt before'). Karpov declined to mention Korchnoi by name – unpersoning him as the Soviet chess mags have recently been doing by not printing his games. Korchnoi, by contrast, couldn't stop talking about Karpov, presenting him as the embodiment of the whole Soviet system. If it seemed paranoid beyond the call of chess duty, it wasn't surprising: Korchnoi and his family *are* being persecuted (his son was recently refused admission to a school for driving instructors). When it came to predictions, Karpov kept to steely generalities ('I have to remember all his games and then I have to remember all my games'), while Korchnoi quaintly suggested that the crucial factor might be weight loss. Last time the two met in a long match, his opponent lost four kilos; Korchnoi reckons that if the championship lasts beyond three months, he could be in with a chance of crushing the skeletal gazelle. He might, however, suffer his own gut reactions, having brought only a limited supply of the caviare he scoffs before each game: as his second, Michael Stean, remarked, 'If it goes beyond 30 games, we're in trouble.'

There's going to be a long, lonely, Esther-less summer ahead, but the Beeb gave her a fine send-off. No sooner had the final *That's Life* of the series (BBC-1) burbled to an end

**Among this week's contributors:**

DAVID CAUTE's study of American domestic anti-Communism, *The Great Fear*, is to be published shortly by Secker & Warburg.

TOM DISCH's novels include *Camp Concentration*, *334* and *Getting into Death*.

ROLAND OLIVER is Professor of African History at the University of London and General Editor of the *Cambridge History of Africa*.

PETER PORTER's most recent collection of poems is *The Cost of Seriousness* (Oxford).

PAUL ADDISON is the author of *The Road to 1945*.

THE STATE OF FICTION
A SYMPOSIUM

with contributions from A. Alvarez, Brian Aldiss, Kingsley Amis, Martin Amis, Paul Bailey, J.G. Ballard, A.L. Barker, Stan Barstow, David Benedictus, Malcolm Bradbury, Melvyn Bragg, John Braine, Christine Brooke-Rose, Jeremy Brooks, Brigid Brophy, A.S. Byatt, Angela Carter, Isabel Colegate, William Cooper, Robert Coover, Elaine Feinstein, Eva Figes, Nicolas Freeling, Giles Gordon, Patricia Highsmith, Michael Holroyd, Dan Jacobson, Diane Johnson, Jennifer Johnston, Gabriel Josipovici, Mervyn Jones, Francis King, David Lodge, Ian McEwan, Olivia Manning, Stanley Middleton, Brian Moore, Helen Muir, Edna O'Brien, Julia O'Faolain, David Plante, Barbara Pym, Frederic Raphael, Piers Paul Read, Alan Ross, Alan Sillitoe, Julian Symons, Emma Tennant, Paul Theroux, Anthony Thwaite, William Trevor, Peter Vansittart, Auberon Waugh, Raymond Williams, Angus Wilson, A.N. Wilson.

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(with us all still chuckling at canny old Cyril's discovery of people called A. Willy, R. Soul and Alan Gay), than we could switch over to a special edition of *Portrait* (BBC-2) and watch Esther and baby Emily – it must be *days* since we last had news of her – being sculpted by the 'world-famous' clay-chucker Fiore de Henriquez. Surprisingly, for most of the show Esther and Emily (a mite with a Chinese face and a Last-of-the-Mohicans hairstyle) were upstaged by this voluble, moustachioed Spanish basso profundo with the soccer-star hairstyle ('In order to become an artist you have to forget what sex you are'), who was able at the same time to fashion a decent replica of what was in front of her and talk a stream of pure self-dramatising rubbish. Not for nothing did the phrase 'bullshit artist' keep coming inexorably to mind. 'Imagine the Lord making Adam with this medium', she barked for starters, hurling the clay around like a mud fetishist: and things didn't get better. 'My family is the world': 'when the clay comes out of your hands it's like a birth and maybe that's why it's violent'; 'ordinary? what do you mean – ordinary? everyone is important'; and finally, of her finished work, 'This is a masterpiece – it is beautifully done', whereupon she broke unselfconsciously into an aria. Stiff competition indeed, though Esther did make a spirited come-back in the second half of the programme with an attack on her own detractors. 'I just don't think the critics enjoy anything any more', and then, even more pleasingly, 'they think they have the right to scrutinise every area of your life.' As far as this column goes, the urge to pry is tiny; all one is asking for is a break from having Chinese babies thrust down one's throat by a mother who only a couple of months ago was announcing her 'determination' not to become 'a baby bore'. At the end of *Portrait* Desmond Wilcox, proud dad, breezed in and sweetly blew the gaff on Esther's whingeings. 'We really can't go on meeting like this,' he ho-hoed, 'people will think we live our private life in public.' Surely they couldn't start thinking *that*?

*Out* (Thames), Trevor Preston's post-Sweeney street-justice thriller, got off to a pacey and menacing start, with some inventive used-car dialogue and Tom Bell's face full of gaunt worry; Mick Martin of the TGWU showed the less accessible face of union language in his comments (*News at Ten*, Thames) on the Polaris blacking – 'If there was an emergency situation involving the security of the state, obviously we'd have to look at it'; and a nasty, unreconstructed ad for the sports pages of the *Sunday Times* surfaced – almost an NVLA footnote, but not quite. The scene, a village cricket pitch; the batsman, Michael Parkinson, doing some routine two-finger stuff with the umpire; then, an unseen bowler sends Parky's castle flying. As he walks disconsolately back up the pitch, the bowler comes into shot – a creature who, in primitive times (and doubtless still in sexual backwaters), would be described as a 'dolly bird'. She comfortingly takes Parky's arm: 'Never mind, Mr Parkinson,' she warbles, 'perhaps you'll score later.' Bricks through the window of the *ST*'s advertising department; and condolences to Mrs Parkinson.

## Sport

**Russell Davies**

# The Gasman Cometh

'Reader, have you ever seen a fight? If not, you have a pleasure to come, at least if it is a fight like that between the Gas-man and Bill Neate.' Thus wrote William Hazlitt, reporting from the ringside 'a mile to the left of Hungerford, on a gentle eminence' in 1822. It was Hazlitt's first fight, and he approached it in a mood of jubilant apprehension. His writing is suffused by a hysterical gaiety (such as you can feel in fight reporting even today – with Mailer, for example) that arises directly out of horror. Even when horror itself is staring him in the face, his prose is excited rather than sickened:

> Hickman [the Gas-man] generally stood with his back to me; but in the scuffle, he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a second or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood ... Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow ... and it was not till the Gas-man was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round, that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over.

Such, reader, was the pleasure you had to come: the spectacle of a man succumbing nobly to assault as an ox might under the sledgehammer. But of course, in Hazlitt's day as in ours, the prize-fighter was a volunteer for his trade, and well aware of the risks he took. Society, gradually, has seen fit to reduce those risks, though the 'fight game' after Hazlitt still had some desperately distressing periods to pass through.

One example I recall in particular is a scratchy old length of film, replayed in the old BBC *Boxing Hall of Fame* or some such, whereon round after round passed with one fighter trapping his opponent's head under his arm and banging the hell out of his nearest kidney. This must have been from the era of Battling Nelson and Joe Gans – not much before, at any rate – and the juxtaposition of modern safeguards (canvas ring, referee, gloves) and Stone Age tactics left me dazed at man's capacity for standing up, literally, to punishment. This semi-civilised barbarism, I think, was possibly even worse to behold than the bare-knuckled ferocity of the kind Hazlitt witnessed.

Modern sensibilities won't bear much of this kind of agony. Horrifically punishing bouts are gradually dying out. Freddie Mills was our last local specialist in prolonged suffering (especially in his bouts with Lesnevich); and the Emile Griffith/Benny Paret shock did much to update American referees on current levels of public tolerance.

Now, during the last week, we have had the death of Angelo Jacopucci, after his European title fight with Alan Minter, to remind us that the limits of a man's endurance are not necessarily apparent in his demeanour in the ring. Not even a champion's instincts, let alone those of a habitual loser (and there is money to be made in losing these days, with so many reputations getting artificially built up around the world), can be relied upon to let him know when he is in mortal danger. It would seem that we are about to take yet another step down from the bloody eminence of the Gas-man and Bill Neate.

Yet there is something about the downrightness of boxing that remains attractive – perhaps even gains in attractiveness as the rest of life slowly abolishes legitimate outlets for

**Gavin Ewart**

# An Old Husband Suspects Adultery

I was just beginning to feel in the mood,
my desire was just beginning to harden,
as we lay cuddling like Babes in the Wood
or Adam and Eve naked in that Garden –
when the telephone started ringing.
She jumped out of bed (like Eve, naked)
and answered it – I could hear him darlinging.

She spoke to him coolly but she wasn't rude,
taking it in her stride with her long legs – flustered
she certainly wasn't. No thought of Bad or Good
grazed her. Domestic as custard
she talked, as if to a grocer,
like smooth-limbed Eve with a handset, naked,
standing there beautiful. I was feeling moroser

than I can tell you. A pin-up, a nude,
she'd made herself. Unreachable. She hung up
and climbed back into bed. Like Robin Hood
he'd robbed the rich – before he'd rung up
I'd really felt like doing it,
but now the thread was lost – Eve, so naked,
couldn't tempt me now into pursuing it.

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violence. Other sports, certainly, find admirable ways of diverting or sublimating forms of battery: a cricketer described as having 'hit Underwood for six' will generally be found to have been applying his energy to the ball rather than the bowler. But boxing takes conflict literally, and part of the nasty thrill of watching is to see the direct and personal effect a blow may have on the behaviour of the man hit. There is no saying, unfortunately, how permanent that effect may sometimes turn out to be.

After the Jacopucci death, the Italians have been quick to point out how many sports sustain more fatalities per capita than boxing. This, plainly, is not the point. In boxing, intent to hurt is the core of the sport; and if boxing were abolished, so the theory goes, nobody would get hurt, let alone killed. But does anybody believe this? Is it not better to enshrine boxing in a professional code, however hypocritical and hedged about with preposterous euphemism ('Noble Art' etc.), than have the game prohibited and see it re-emerge, much as banned whisky once re-emerged as rotgut, in the form of furtive human cockfights on the roofs of multi-storey car-parks? I'm afraid we still have the Hazlitt appetite for antagonisms that are real and palpable, and where the margin of victory is measured not in time or distance but in bodily damage. While that appetite is there, it is as well to cater for it. At least we are no longer pandering to it.

# Films

**Thomas M. Disch**

# B-Movie

**The Swarm** (A) *Warner West End 2; Scene, Leicester Square; ABCs, Shaftesbury Avenue, Fulham Road and Edgware Road*
**House Calls** (A) *Plaza*
**The Last Waltz** (U) *London Pavilion*
**Punk in London** *NFT 1 August, then ICA*

'I always credit my enemies, no matter who they may be, with equal intelligence,' declares Richard Widmark in *The Swarm,* and on the evidence of this week's movies, bees do seem at least as sapient as *homo Hollywoodiensis. The Swarm* must represent the highest proportion of dollars spent to intelligence expended of any movie ever made. By comparison Irwin Allen's last brush with disaster, *The Poseidon Adventure,* seems the work of Immanuel Kant. By the time of the final clinch of the surviving lovers, in front of a back-projected holocaust of defeated bees, one feels altogether in awe of the vision of their audience that must have inspired Allen and scriptwriter Sterling Silliphant.

Admittedly, intelligence has never been the main drawing card of disaster movies. One goes to relish the ritual humilation of each of the long roster of fading stars, to marvel at so many wrinkled faces that were dewy fresh only the night before on the telly, and to lay odds which of the principals will suffer what kind of nasty death. In this case the bees get Widmark, Richard Chamberlain (who screams the most stylish scream of the year), and Jose Ferrer, while Olivia de Havilland, Fred MacMurray, and Ben Johnson are rather summarily despatched in the wreck of a model train. Poor Katherine Ross succumbs to the fate that threatened her in *The Stepford Wives,* being turned into an automaton before the opening credits – evidently to allow her to mate with the automaton represented by Michael Caine. The bees themselves (whose stings, in deference to the movie rating system, are never disfiguring) turn in a rather low-key performance. The only chilling moments come when the nonogenarian general played by Widmark refers to 'the war against the Africans', meaning the killer bees. One hopes no sinister subliminal purpose was intended, but can it be a coincidence that there is not a single token black or hispanic on the tidy little set of Marysville, Texas? Surely it is racist of Allen not to pander to rubes of *all* races, colours, and creeds.

*House Calls* is a disaster of a commoner order, a comedy that isn't funny. It took four writers, headed by Max Shulman, to stretch out the tried and untrue formula of Boy Meets Girl, Boy Loses Girl, Boy Wins Girl, into 98 dogged minutes of limp wit and gutless satire. Walter Matthau is the Boy, Glenda Jackson the Girl, and they do all they professionally can to make us overlook the lines they must nevertheless come out with. 'Is it my imagination, or does Dr Willoughby get crazier by the hour?' Jackson asks, to which the dramatically superfluous Richard Benjamin wisecracks back, 'No, by the minute.' 'Did anyone ever tell you you're awfully cute?' Jackson asks Matthau, who parries with, 'Yeah, some fellow in the men's room at Grand Central, but I didn't pay any attention.' 'Up yours, Mister!' Jackson emotes in a moment of passion. Matthau: 'The same to you, with earlaps.' If those specimens tickle your ribs (and there were those in the audience who laughed obediently at every one), then do try and see *House Calls* before you die or become hopelessly incontinent.

After the negative enchantment of so much unsuspended disbelief, *The Last Waltz* comes as a small blessing. As rock concerts go, this one did not seem very earth-shaking. A self-proclaimed 'celebration' of their 16 years in the music business, *The Last Waltz* is a faithful, not to say reverent, transcription of the last concert of The Band on the eve of their disbanding. Footage of the performance is interspersed with lacklustre interviews of The Band's five members by Martin Scorsese, who is credited with directing the whole thing, though what he contributed, beyond a few questions leading politely nowhere and a perfunctory and inappropriate credit sequence, isn't easy to imagine. Still, The Band play no less than 12 of their standards with unflagging if also unshattering competence, and these alternate with star turns by the likes of Neil Young, Neil Diamond, Emmylou Harris, and The Staples. Fans of the above will get their money's worth, but *The Last Waltz* isn't likely to make converts in the way of *Monterey Pop* or *Woodstock.* Only Muddy Waters delivers a performance that merits a place of honour in a future rock version of *That's Entertainment.* Joni Mitchell, never a favourite of mine, achieves new depths of sanctimonious funk in a ballad called 'Coyote', and Eric Clapton was halfway through his moment of glory before I realised he was on stage. After a while the only way I knew one song had stopped and another had started was when Robbie Robertson of The Band hove into focus to narrate another smug anecdote of the dear dead days beyond recall. The major disappointment was Dylan, who delivered 'Forever Young' without a trace of irony. The prevailing sense of the enterprise was that age withers and custom stales almost everyone, and rock stars soonest of all. Poor plump Van Morrison could scarcely kick his leg up three times in succession by way of celebrating *his* undiminished youth. Thirty-eight years old, I kept thinking – and soon I'll be 39. *Timor mortis conturbat me.*

After *Punk in London,* however, fear of youth came in a close second. Made by a 26-year-old German director, Wolfgang Büld, this documentary on the punk rock scene, circa last September, was surely the most interesting movie of the week, though its interest was morbid more than musical – in the nature, say, of *Mondo Cane.* After seeing the hapless audience of The Band's concert virtually bolted into their $25 seats, one had to agree with the righteous roars of the young punk lions that the Rock Establishment had lost touch with its audience. Gotta dance, right? And the tribal rites of the punk audiences in their natural habitat at the Marquee Club and elsewhere did look fun if you could keep up the pace of pogoing all in one sweaty mass. But the music was like a sound track of the Creation before Natural Selection came along. The Establishment isn't the Establishment for nothing. As to intelligence, bees still come out slightly ahead. The lead singer of Poly Styrene, whose songs she justly declares to be 'different to what anyone else is writing', adlibs lines that would be the envy of

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Sterling Silliphant and Max Shulman, and even the brightest of her peers agree that they have a inalienable right to do their thing and *we* have a duty to disappear. It seemed unkind, but fascinating in the way of all threats to one's existence. The best moment was an interview with a gaggle of obese, aging teds in *their* tribal regalia, denouncing with ritual belligerence the unmanliness of hennaed hair and torn teeshirts, which for high comedy surpassed not only *House Calls* but even *The Swarm*. As a record of the fleeting trivial moment, *Punk in London* deserves a time capsule all to itself.

## Radio

**Peter Porter**

# The Old Guard

My forecast that Radio 3 would begin to plunder its heritage has proved correct almost immediately, with a whole night last week entitled *An Evening in Archives*. It was prefaced by one of the greatest treasures the BBC possesses – Bertrand Russell's *Portrait from Memory* of Joseph Conrad. The admiration, or perhaps love, which Conrad aroused in Russell was as unlikely as it was deeply felt and powerfully told. This was broadcast on Radio 4, and I hope that we are to be treated to more of Russell's archive recordings on that network. Archive is a poor adjective to describe the programmes which followed on Radio 3. There was no dust on any of them. They ranged from Solomon playing Mozart and Schubert to one of Terence Tiller's finely-wrought fantasies, taking in talks by William Golding on his childhood, and Compton Mackenzie on his last meeting with Henry James.

The evening's finest entertainments were Stravinsky conducting *Oedipus Rex*, with Cocteau as Narrator, and Pamela Hansford Johnson's Proustian reconstruction, *Saint-Loup*. There is a commercial record of *Oedipus* with the two creators in charge, so I shall confine my comment to the Proust. It was a triumph for the BBC's Old Guard – they really are as good as memory insists. Robert Eddison as Saint-Loup, Proust's likeably helpless young aristocrat, and Max Adrian as the Baron de Charlus were predictably fine, but I was even more moved by the performances of Cecile Chevreau as the actress Rachel and Anthony Jacobs as Marcel himself. Acting of this quality deserves some more permanent record. It has not been immortalised on celluloid, nor described for posterity by a famous drama critic. It languishes instead in a half-limbo. The actors would be the first to admit how much they owe to Pamela Hansford Johnson's skilful script and to Rayner Heppenstall's production. It is the thought that radio should have brought into being performances the equal of anything achieved this century, but which are doomed to be largely forgotten or fitfully revived, that depresses you after an evening among the archives.

These thoughts returned to me when I listened to Grace Wyndham Goldie talking about what radio should concentrate on in the television age (Radio 3). Most of what she said was familiar and sensible, along the lines of radio letting you make your own pictures; but she left out one important fact – there is little or no audience for the new wave of imaginative radio she and Aubrey Singer envisage. The missing factor in an evening of archive broadcasting is the original audience. This is not just a question of the audience's size, but also of its interest and fervour. Television has not destroyed popular radio (if it had, would the new tycoons be happily anticipating their licences to print money?), but it has administered the death blow to serious broadcasting. We have been sedated by pictures on the screen – nobody more so than the highbrow. Grace Wyndham Goldie is misled by radio's reputation as aural wallpaper – at any serious level, radio is a demanding medium, and its often-praised power of evocation requires intelligent commitment from the listener. 'On your imaginary forces, work!' wrote Shakespeare, and who likes working? The decline in influence (and circulation) of the political weeklies, which Anthony Howard has been writing about, was preceded by the decline in interest in serious broadcasting. Caring about the imagination – our academics will do that for us! Meanwhile, the Open University and the Music Programme flourish – but I must stop this morbid reflection and get back to the radio we do have.

Unfortunately, it can be pretty uninspiring just when you're hoping for some uplift. Fantasy and satire are fine veins for the free-ranging radio writer, but they can curdle and become insipid so easily. They certainly did in *Garrison Halibut* (Radio 3), an endlessly camp romp through the America of the Mind in the company of 'Bo' Rider, an ingenu whose ambition is to join the Pony Express. The Indians, frontiersmen and eccentrics he meets are archetypal and garrulous enough to make Mel Brooks seem a laconic realist. Bo's apotheosis in a heaven peopled by attractive female centaurs was relieved by Jo Manning Wilson's sexy arpeggios of neighing, but was otherwise no improvement on the Pastoral Symphony section of *Fantasia*. Garrison and Halibut are evidently the first and last words of one of the volumes of the Encylopaedia Britannica, and should therefore nudge us into looking for some semantic key to the programme's whimsy. I remain mystified by Ian Dougall's purpose in writing it, and by Richard Wortley's undertaking the production. Mr Wortley is one of our finest and shrewdest producers, but neither he nor the excellent actors could save this doomed extravaganza.

As acting is my theme, I shall end by commending the professionalism of those who become involved in Radio 4's situation comedies – all except the script writers. Hugh Paddick and Michael Robbins, in *Share and Share Alike*, and their predecessors, Bryan Pringle and associates, in *The Spamfritter Man*, perform prodigies of invention, drawing laughs from the most feeble situations. *Share and Share Alike* introduces two brothers, one butch and boozing, the other pansy and priggish, who are forced to co-habit to secure a fortune under the terms of their mother's will. Could anyone not in a studio audience find the following exchange funny? 'At one point, you nearly fell in mum's grave.' 'That wasn't my fault, it was the wind.' 'If you hadn't been so drunk, you wouldn't have had the wind.'

*John Coleman will be back next week.*

# Weekend Competition

**No 2525 Set by E. O. Parrott**

It was recently revealed that Elvis Presley offered his services to the CIA. How would his song-writers have phrased that request? Or that of, say, Vera Lynn to join MI5; Bob Dylan the FBI; Berthold Brecht the Gestapo; or would a song like *Eleanor Rigby* have demonstrated more or less compassion had the Beatles applied to become Social Security snoopers? Try any of these musical applications (or invent your own): 16 lines max, by 11 August.

**Result of No 2522 Set by Ms de Meaner**

We asked you to add to the canon of Belloc's *Cautionary Tales*.

**Report by Al Fresco**

It's a measure of the unimaginative narrowness of children – 'defective adults' as the great Waugh called them – that in the 50-odd years since the *Cautionary Tales* they haven't thought up any new nasty habits with which to plague us. Creaming old ladies with skateboards and spraying slogans with aerosols: it's a pretty pathetic achievement in a century of free education for all, isn't it? Still, you showed a generally high level of inventiveness, given the poor quality of the material you were forced to work with. Seven quid the first four; 10,500 lire to J. J. Webster, and honourable menshes to B. J. Kennedy,I. Goodwin, Pascoe Polglaze (what went wrong with your last couplet, Pascy? You can't rhyme *nous* with *you*) and Pollyanna Blumenberg. By the way, did anyone spot the remark in last week's NS concerning the philosophical essence of the Comp Complex? Watch this space for ontological developments.

The chief delight of Andrew Young
Was charming birds by dint of tongue.
His vocal member was so sweet
That chicks fell round about his feet:
Unless, of course, words that he said
Made other things fall on his head.
Then, one day, at a foreign zoo
He chanced to bid a howdy to
(Amongst the hawks therein aligned)
An eagle of the balder kind.
Perhaps this greeting was too pert
For Jim, his feathered friend, took hurt
And with a gleamingly sharp beak
Gave Andrew's tongue an awful tweak,
And thereupon by sure degrees
Reduced the lad to signalled pleas.

BARRY ANTHONY

Nathanial Biggs, a wilful lad,
Was not exactly very bad
Although his parents both agreed
He showed excessive love of speed.
When he was ten his mother bought
A skateboard for him. For, she thought,
He can't do any harm with that:
The roads round here are far too flat.
She little guessed he'd choose to play
Beside a half-built Motorway
Where he espied a splendid ridge
Which led towards a bumpy bridge.
'Twas only as his run began
He saw there was no middle span,
As, speeding into space he went –
To fall below in wet cement.
The mixture very quickly set
And left a sunken silhouette.
Next day the builders were irate

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To see their road in such a state.
LAURENCE FOWLER

Paul Potter from an early age
Was moved by the poetic rage
And constantly amazed his nurses
By writing Cautionary Verses
Till Nanny Rose (who'd been to Girton –
St Hugh's – or Newnham – I'm not certain)
Said laughingly, 'My little man,
Your scansion's quite Edwardian;
You'll never reach the best Reviews
Unless you sound more like Ted Hughes.'
Paul screamed till he was sick; but No,
He couldn't take to eating *Crow*;
Guts left him cold; he was unable
To find life less than tolerable.
Instead he taught his feet to stray
By Ambler-side and Greene-away,
Wrote highbrow thrillers, made a splash
And gained a vast amount of Cash.
The moral is: Ignore adverse
Criticism from your nurse.
FOXIE

Augustus Fawcett had a passion
For always being out of fashion.
Firmly refusing to conform
To his peer group's permissive norm,
When teenage addicts offered pot
He said that he would rather not;
While to suggested sexual pranks
His answer was a cool, No thanks!
All forms of polymorphous lust
He greeted with acute disgust,
So much so that he used to wear
Thick combinations of horsehair.
Unfortunately, one fine day
Fashion careered the other way:
Back came the gallows and the birch,
And everybody went to church.
Augustus Fawcett in a trice
Became a paragon of vice,
And, seeking fashion to escape,
Was hung for statutory rape.
PETER PETERSON

Now momma an' poppa they gotta ragazzo
So much-a he eat-a they call-a heem Fatso
He cry-a so loud they-a theenk eet-a proper-a
That when he grow up-a he seeng at L'Opera;
Tenore per'aps or a basso-profondo
For thees they-a spare-a no sforzo or fondo,
And cart-a heem off to La Scala Milano
Where Fatso he seeng like ze clapped-out soprano,
La voce don't flow, eet-a got no vibrato
The notes they come out-a all corso an' flato;
So momma an' poppa they coax an' cossetti
An' feed-a heem up with a-plenty spaghetti
And always they press hem 'Bel-canto! Bel-canto!!'
When poor leddle Fatso all time not-a want to
Mongiaré an' traino matino an' notte
Till all-a da straino eet drive-a heem potty
So momma an' poppa they cry een ze vino
And not-a much care for *la forza destino*;
While down at L'Opera il voce supremo
He flog-a da programmes an' ice-a da cremo.
J. J. WEBSTER

## Tony Miles

# Chess

**No 93** **Accepting a Draw**

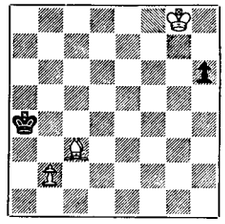
A strong will-to-win is of great importance if one is to succeed at any level in chess. The player who readily accepts draws seldom wins a tournament. Sometimes, though, the effort to extract something extra from the position can rebound; maybe because of an unjustifiably optimistic move, or perhaps just from spending too much time on an early phase of the game and running into time trouble later.

Even the best players fall victim to this problem now and again, as this week's game shows. It was played in the current IBM tournament at Amsterdam.

**White: Romanishin** **Black: Dzindzihashvili**

**1.N-KB3, P-Q4; 2.P-Q4, N-KB3; 3.P-B4, P-K3; 4.P-KN3, PxP; 5.Q-R4ch, QN-Q2; 6.QxBP, P-QR3; 7.B-N2, P-QN4; 8.Q-B6, R-N1; 9.B-B4, N-Q4; 10.B-N5, B-K2; 11.BxB, QxB; 12.N-B3, N-N5; 13.Q-K4, B-N2; 14.Q-N1, P-QB4; 15.PxP, NxBP.** Black has equalised easily from the opening. White, annoyed by this, now starts to use up large amounts of time in an effort to create some play. **16.0-0, 0-0; 17.P-QR3, N-Q4; 18.NxN, BxN; 19.P-QN4, N-R5;** Not 19 . . . N-N6; 20.R-R2 and the N is trapped. **20.R-B1, QR-B1; 21.Q-Q3, N-N7; 22.Q-Q4, N-B5; 23.N-Q2.** Slight progress: If 23 . . . NxN. 24.BxB is a little better for White. **23 . . . BxB, 24 NxN.** White hopes for a good N v bad B ending (of course not 24.KxB, QR-Q1) **24 . . . PxN; 25.KxB, Q-N2ch; 26.P-B3, KR-Q1; 27.Q-K4, QxQ; 28.PxQ.** Now he hopes to round up the advanced BP. **28 . . . P-B6; 29.R-R2, R-B5; 30.K-B3, P-N4; 31.R(2)-B2, R(1)-B1; 32.K-K3, R(5)-B3; 33.K-Q3, R-Q1ch; 34.K-K3, R(1)-B1.** White sees that 35.K-Q3, R-Q1ch is a forced draw, but he wants to win. Short of time he has the idea of getting his king to KB6. **35. K-Q4, R-Q1ch; 36.K-K5?? K-N2! . . .** and suddenly his world collapses. The simple threat is P-B3 mate. White is lucky to have a defence at all, but with no time left it is virtually impossible to readjust and defend. **37.R-B1, P-R3; 38.P-KR4, P-QR4; 39.RPxP, KRPxP; 40.R-B3, PxP; 41.PxP, R-Q7; 42.R-QB1.** If either RxP, P-B3ch wins, or 42.RxR, PxR; 43.R-Q3, P-B3ch and R-Q3ch. **42 . . . R-Q2, 43.R-B2, R-Q1; 44.R-KB1, R-B5;** This is the position Black has been angling for. He now forces a winning simplification. **45.R-B3, RxNP; 46.R(3)xP, K-N3; 47.R-B4, R-N4ch; 48.R-B5, RxRch; 49.RxR, R-Q7; 50.R-B3, RxP; 51.R-B3; P-B4; 52.KxP, RxPch; 53.K-Q5, R-QR5; 54.K-K5, P-N5; 55.R-N3, K-N4; 56.K-K6, R-R3ch; 57.K-K5, R-R4ch; 58.K-Q4, P-B5; 59.R-N8, PxP; 60.R-N8ch, K-B5; 61.R-B8ch, R-B4; 62.RxRch, KxR; 63.K-K3, K-K4; 69.K-K2, K-K5; 65.K-K1, K-K6 Resigns.**

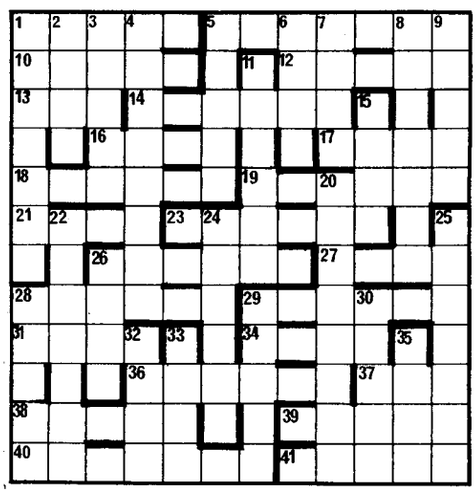
**Problem 93**
White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 9 August.



**Solution to No 91**
1.R-B6! (not 1.RxP? Q-N3ch) BxB; 2.RxPch, K-R1; 3.B-N7ch, K-N1; 4.BxPch, PxR; 5.QxPch, K-B1; 6.B-N7ch Resigns.

## Salamanca 8: 'Precious'

**PRIZES. Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 8, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 8 August.**



The unclued answers form a literary group and their unchecked letters make 'O PAPA, I — O, A RING, AUROUS!'

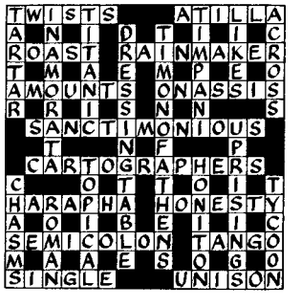
ACROSS

10. Where you'll find what's regular in goodies showing? (5).
12. It describes Horatio's air, agree? (5).
13. This 'busman' starts ructions for example (3).
14. How Mike 'becomes' others? (That's to say one appearing before and among thousands in turn) (6).
16. This son killed by a short blow (4).
17. Hullo, that's odd! What a blinder! (4).
18. A republic having state rules couched in force mostly (6).
19. Nearly all fruit produced beside Italian river is citrus (6).
21. Kind of dig about one? Ye Gods! (4).
23. Slaver — learner — and what either may be learning to do, first (6).
26. Two-year-old sheep found in heath one day (6).
27. Our blooms when seen about are specifically yellow? (4).
29. Diminutive 13, not correct name for German physicist (6).
31. Endless quantity with one lead compound (4).
34. A Hawaiian feast given by the water that's foreign, only if Spain loses to Uruguay? (4).
38. Right gear for common Frenchmen? (5).
39. Cut away back having individuality for woman's jacket (5).
41. Austria once, perhaps, surrounding it? Venice its nursling (5).

DOWN

2. Reason's product from some inside activity (4).
3. One conforming to rules on side getting a half-century (5).
6. Lovers do this to drink (4).
7. For Charles Lamb's dog, a —— bribe! (4).
15. Old avenger having to travel on US railway (4).
22. 'Rigoler' about a book from the collector's library (7).
24. Hindrance made by foreign sea rising and oar breaking (6).
26. Etonian that's dismal — like Jumblies' hands (4).
28. Rough jag one has without cannabis preparation (5).
30. Having one string, a violin internally square and long (5).
32. English mass somehow shows mix long ago (4).
33. Likewise, a pupil's very good (4).
35. Pre-match dance leads to highlighting any Kiwis' activity (4).

**Solution to No 1269**

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Salary is payable in accordance with NZ Hospital Employment (Social Workers) determinations within the range $NZ7,416 p.a. to $NZ9,052 p.a. and all rates are subject to 3.5% interim allowance and $365 p.a. cost of living adjustment (NZ $100=£55.40 approx.).

The Medical Superintendent of the Board's psychiatric hospitals will be in the UK during the first two weeks of September 1978 and could conduct interviews at that time.

For further information, conditions of appointment and application forms write airmail to the **Supervising Social Worker, Otago Hospital Board, P.O. Box 946, Dunedin, New Zealand.**

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**NEW STATESMAN**

Vol. 96 No. 2471

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